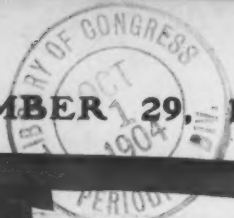


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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904.

No. 33.



THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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The Mirror



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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Butler Battles Folk and Hawes for Control of the City of St. Louis

By William Marion Reedy

"HAWES, as a leader, is down and out." That's what one hears wherever the Butler forces in St. Louis congregate. Butler claims to control enough delegations to dominate the city convention, and not only that, but that most of Hawes' trusted lieutenants are ready to flop to Butler whenever he may need them. Butler's friends say Hawes won't be in politics unless as a sort of messenger boy for "the old man." Butler asserts that he can and will name the local Democratic ticket—and, after naming it, defeat it. Butler has the city central committee, the House of Delegates, many of the police, almost all the machinery.

And this is the fruit of reform within the party. Wasn't Butler for Hawes for Governor? He was for anyone or anything to beat Folk, also to get Hawes out of the Police Board. Butler hates Hawes and always has since the latter closed up Butler's telegraph pool room, but chiefly Butler hates Hawes because he believes that Hawes was responsible for his indictment and conviction, for "the blow up" of the Suburban boodle deal. "Harry's a good fellow and a smart fellow," says Col. Ed., "but Harry got me three years," and so Col. Ed. is going to get even by eliminating Harry. He would have beaten Hawes at Springfield for district delegate to the National Convention by sending Col. Bill Phelps of Carthage in his stead, if "the Pierpont Morgan of St. Louis" had not pulled him off, with the aid of H. Sam Priest. And now Hawes is fighting in the Eleventh District against an opposition headed by Constable Jimmy Miles and fostered subterraneously by Butler. The Butler idea is to keep Hawes busy trying to control his own congressional district, while Butlerites get in their work in all the wards outside that district.

Although latterly Butler has fought Stuever, the brewery boss of South St. Louis, it is now intimated that Stuever will tie up with Butler, to "do" Hawes. Stuever was the original and only machine man to declare for Folk in St. Louis. Why he did it, or what Folk, as Circuit Attorney, "had on the Dutchman," deponent sayeth not. Stuever held eleven votes for Folk in the State convention. Folk was nominated. Then it was announced that Hawes would manage Folk's campaign in the city. This miffed Stuever. He thought he was to be IT. Also it affronted Butler, who thought Hawes would stick with him in an underground fight on Folk in the city. Hawes couldn't do that. He had made a great hit at the State convention by his leadership. The country Democrats cottoned to him at once, and declared that since they had seen him and heard him, he might be Governor yet. A man with a chance like that couldn't bolt or ply the knife, and a man with a newly risen popularity in the State, with a local standing and following, leaving the Butler association and getting close to Folk as a manager, and one, moreover,

against whom the old boss bore the ancient grudge—such a man was one whom Butler must destroy, if he would not be himself destroyed. So Colonel Ed is "after" Hawes. Indeed, the Colonel thinks he has got him, and is preparing to throw him far and hard.

In the first place, Col. Ed. has cut off the campaign supplies for Hawes. The interests the Colonel represents, and on which Folk made war, have no money to subscribe to Folk's election. The interests don't want any city ticket elected, the majority of which might be loyal to Folk through Hawes. The interests and their representatives with Butler at the head are warning all those seeking city nominations this fall to keep off the ticket as it is going to be defeated. They are going to "put out of business in St. Louis" not only Hawes, but the party. Their money will go to the Republicans. Then Colonel Butler will name the Democratic candidate for Mayor next spring, and the whole ticket. What have Butler and his friends had but trouble and slights and snubs since they put up the money and "stashed" the Meriwether vote—he was really elected by a good majority—to put Rolla Wells in office?

So goes the scheme for the extinction of Hawes, Wells, Folk and others in St. Louis—if Col. Butler has it figured right, and the Colonel is an old hand at figuring. "Why," said one of the "Indians" the other evening, "the old man has Hawes' scalp in his pocket now. Harry'll be lucky if he's invited to the caucus." Common talk has it that politically "Hawes is down and out." The old man is believed to be getting even for the part he is convinced Hawes played in "turning up" the Suburban boodle deal, and getting Charlie Turner first to the Grand Jury, to say nothing of the old man's hatred because he thinks Charlie Kelly wanted to take the negotiations for the Suburban boodle out of Butler's hands and turn it over to Hawes. It was this proposition of Kelly's that started the trouble, for Col. Ed was on his way to the Grand Jury to "turn up the tale" when Hawes got Turner there before him with a fine large squeal. It's just as well that we should understand these little "innards" of the situation; for instance, the incident just narrated discloses a deeper meaning than many of us had suspected in the cry of many a boodler, big and little, that "Hawes made Folk."

Butler and his men are very confident that they have Hawes. If they're correct, how lovely a situation! The first result of "Reform" is to put the boss boodler of all more firmly in control of the local party than ever. He didn't have two wards when Folk began fighting and indicting; now he claims to control more than a majority of delegates from twenty-eight wards. He pulled Hawes away from his natural place, with Folk, into opposition, and into open alliance with himself—and then proceeded to capture Hawes' wards. It was not hard work, but it was

slick. Eight of ten men who were for and with Hawes were so only for the jobs he could give or the other favors he could do. Hawes thought he was stealing Butler lieutenants when he got them jobs in preference to his first friends. Now he is learning his mistake, and the ghastly mistake he made in making the fight against Folk for Butler, and the interests and the impotent State machine. But people who never make mistakes never make anything, and wise people learn from their mistakes. And Mr. Hawes is no fool—if he is handsome.

Mr. Hawes isn't saying much, but he seems to have the situation in his control in the Eleventh District. It looks as if he will down Miles and Barrett. Elimination is not what one would predicate of the young man who has a night and day caucus all day and most of the night at his Delmar avenue home. A great many Folk men and machine men go in and out. I observe that in the Eleventh District fight the police whom Hawes wants at a certain place are always there. I observe that if certain saloon keepers get too gay against Hawes they are soon closed up. I see that the polling places are where Hawes wanted them. From all these things I deduce that the State machine is helping Hawes, and that Mr. Folk, though he believes in "home rule," is not averse to the aid given him through Hawes by the State boards in St. Louis. If a combination should go through between Folk, Hawes, Stuever, Busch and Lemp—with the police and election boards all right, and the Excise office throwing it into the saloon keepers who are not right or wise—it is figured that Hawes will have seventeen out of the twenty-eight wards, with seven for Butler and four doubtful. But how sure is Hawes that the men who are carrying wards for him and Folk are not Butler men, kept in the Hawes councils to learn his plans and throw Folk? Butler is very confident that he has but to whistle and beckon and the Hawes lieutenants will come to him. Mr. Hawes is supposed to be a favorite of the Adler-Cella-Tilles, commission-house, race-track, county-graft combination, but the three men are big rich men now, tied up with big interests that love Butler, and they are counted as much for Butler as for Hawes. Even the police are said to be disaffected towards Hawes in all districts but the one commanded by Capt. Johnson, promoted from head of the gambling squad. It is said that the hand books around town give up each week a certain sum, but I don't know to which side it goes. Surely Mr. Folk wouldn't take it. But then, who took the money obtained on the police assessment—with \$25,000 more coming from the same source? Mr. Vandiver says he wouldn't touch it. Mr. Folk certainly wouldn't. Who does get the coin? It's going into the campaign somewhere. But the boys in the trenches complain that they see none of it. It's a great mystery.

The fight frames up this way: It's Folk, Hawes, Adler, Cella and Tilles, Stuever, Busch, Lemp, McCaffery of the Election Board, the police, the Excise Commissioners and the "expert" registrationists against Butler, and the moneyed influences—unless the Hawes lieutenants and most of the expert registrationists are traitors. If Butler has captured the city committee and stolen back from Hawes his own old followers, then Hawes is "done up." If Hawes still has the police and election boards he can "do" Butler in an election every day in the year. If Hawes comes out in a whirlwind anti-Butler campaign and with Folk, he can sweep the city. If Hawes makes any compromise with Butler he is a "goner." His play is to appeal to the people.

Mr. Hawes' "goose is not yet cooked." Almost anyone can see the advantage he has by lining up more

closely with Folk and going into a city fight in which the one issue shall be Butlerism. With Folk's prestige to help him and with the indications cropping up everywhere of a revolt against election fraud it seems certain that the full registration would turn out to down Butler. And yet that may be what Butler would like, to put up a ticket that would be smothered. He and his friends say the ticket can't win. If Hawes' friends stick he may be able to get up a ticket that would have no Butler taint upon it. Then with Butler fighting such a ticket and therefore helping the Republicans popular indignation could be turned against the Republicans. Even if Butler's friends don't put up money for the Democrats, Folk can win and carry a half way decent ticket to victory as well without the money. There's no chance, as I have said before, for Butler if the State Boards will stand by Hawes and Folk. They haven't laid down thus far. Until they do I shall be far from believing that Hawes is a dead one or that he cannot put up a city ticket and elect it in spite of Butler. In any event I understand that Hawes is still on the advisory board of the city committee and is therefore in it to some extent, at least. Someone asks why if Butler wants to defeat Folk he supports him and sends him money. That's why. Butler knows when and where his support can be made most deadly to its recipient. No wonder then he'd like to name a city ticket with Butler written all over it. That would kill the ticket surely.

So Butler isn't boss altogether as yet. He may claim a great deal, but he hasn't got it. In the Tenth district Hawes and Folk and Stuever will have the Seventh ward. The Eighth ward is doubtful. Busch and Lemp control the Ninth. They are with Hawes. Harry has the Tenth. Busch, strongly for Hawes controls the Eleventh, while Folk can carry the Twelfth. The Twenty-fourth ward belongs to Long John Dolan, and he's for Butler. The Twenty-eighth ward is John Lavin's, and he is for Hawes. In the Eleventh district Hawes has the First, Second,

Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-seventh wards. Butler has the Seventeenth. The Third ward is doubtful, and so is the Twenty-sixth on account of bitter ward fights. In the Twelfth district, Tom Kinney's ward is in his pocket, and Gussie Busch and Charlie Lemp have influence with him. Hawes should hold the Thirteenth ward through Oil Inspector Billy Flynn. Hawes is said to control the Fifteenth and Twenty-fifth. Butler has the Fifth, Sixth, Fourteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third wards. This is the way the wards looked on the last show-down. Of course if Butler has stolen a lot of Hawes' leaders there may be truth in the claim that he has but to wink his eye to have Hawes put on the toboggan. The primaries will show what has been done by Butler to undermine Hawes. The present showing is as hereinabove stated, seventeen wards for Hawes, seven wards for Butler, four wards doubtful. I have gone into all this at length believing there is public interest in the details, because:

The fight in St. Louis is between Folk and Hawes against Butler and what Lincoln Steffens has designated the System!

There is no need that I should say what Butler is and represents. The people of St. Louis know all about him. He's a mighty big man whatever else he may be, and nothing proves it more or better than that he can make himself a dominant personality and issue after all the obloquy and odium that have been heaped upon him in the past two years. Butler is old, though, and Folk and Hawes have Youth and the Future and Public Opinion fighting with them. It will be a great battle for control of the fourth city of the Union. Butler wants to turn the city over to the Republicans. He wants revenge for real or imagined injuries. He has great monetary and other resources. He will win to supreme boss-ship in St. Louis and send Hawes to oblivion or else he himself will "go 'way back and sit down."

A Francis Day

By William Marion Reedy

WHY not have a David R. Francis Day at the World's Fair, to enable the people to testify their appreciation of his services? President Francis has had unloaded upon him up to date about all the blame that could be discovered or invented by any of the multitudinous kickers and knockers connected immediately or remotely, directly or indirectly, with the Fair. Now that things are so shaping themselves that the Fair will pay all its debts, and nobody will be out anything except the stockholders, who never expected any return upon their investment, it is about time that President Francis should be given the testimonial of a Fair Day, with appropriate ceremonies. He should get the credit as well as the blame. St. Louisans should appreciate all he has done, and they should show it substantially. We have heard a great deal of Francis' salary as President of the Fair. He doesn't draw a penny of pay for his services. We hear much of his "graft" in the matter of interest in concessions here and there. He hasn't had time enough to "get in on anything big," and if any of the directors are "in on anything" they have had nothing but Irish dividends up to date. President Francis has had to

front for the Fair in every matter or time of trouble. He had to break it to the directors when they were called upon to guarantee certain amounts, with their personal notes. If, as has been said, the foreigners have outdone the Americans in the quality of their exhibits, it may be said that this is due to the President's trip to Europe. No one has worked harder on the "function" feature of the Fair than the President. If, as some critics aver, he tried to do too much, it must be admitted that he did a vast number of things well. And to all criticism, big and little, justified or unjustifiable, the answer may be summed up in the query, "Where is the man in St. Louis today who could have filled or even half filled his place?" There isn't one who could have stood the strain, not one who could have done one-tenth of the things he has done, and done them so well. In the early stages of the Fair I thought and said there was too much Francis. I was wrong. Of course Francis isn't all the Fair, for I know how hard the Executive Committee has worked and have wondered how some of the heads of important committees and divisions have escaped Bedlam, but they only formed the phalanx followed where Francis led. I happen to

know that for a long time there was decided hostility in the directorate towards Francis, but he has destroyed all that hostility, and is now a sort of hero to about all but six of the ninety-three. With all the mistakes he made, with every allowance made for errors of policy, with due consideration of the fact

that the Fair might have been a greater success than it is, we must admit that its being a success at all is mostly due to the man whom everybody would blame if it were a failure. So why not have a David R. Francis Day at the Fair!

doesn't give the party any rallying cry. His career as a candidate doesn't afford live matter for comment. His personality doesn't make any headway. Politically he is a "wax figger," and nothing else can be made of him. There's nothing to say about Parker except that he lives in a nice spot and has a red-pollled bull Peter and a trained sow. On the other hand, with Roosevelt not saying much or doing much, Roosevelt is more in the minds and on the lips of Democrats than Parker.

Poor Judge Parker

By William Marion Reedy

UNENDURABLY, dismally dull is Judge Parker's letter accepting the Democratic nomination for President. His ponderosity is not even vivified by the personal force which redeems the same quality in most of Mr. Cleveland's utterances. Judge Parker says nothing in the most "solemncholy" fashion imaginable. His platform is that he is against everything the Republicans have done, except the establishment of the gold standard. He is opposed to imperialism, to the encroachment of the executive upon the constitution, he is for the tariff and the trusts, but, oh, how gingerly he treads his pathway! He qualifies his antagonisms until they evaporate. He has "weazel words" galore to suck the life out of every proposition. Wholly he evades the race issue at home, knowing that the race issue isn't an issue in the North, where he must look for votes. His letter, compared with President Roosevelt's, is "as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine." Oh, yes, it's a dignified document, all right. So dignified that not one reader in ten can stay awake and peruse it's prosings to the end. The letter simply intensifies the flatness of the campaign. It is a wet blanket on whatever enthusiasm existed for Parker anywhere. There is no ring to it, no stir in it, no red corpuscle element. They say that while and where there's life, there's hope. Alas for Judge Parker, his letter has no life, and he can have no hope.

Judge Parker has no chance to win. This is practically conceded at the Democratic headquarters in New York. There, the feeling is that the Democrats may carry New York, but will lose the country at that. The management isn't getting in any money. Even the jejune Gassaway hasn't coughed up as was anticipated. The news from Indiana and Illinois is bad. Sulking is general in the silverite or Bryan States. Even in Missouri the reliance of the party is that the gubernatorial candidate will save the State's electoral vote to Parker. Mr. Bryan is not doing as much as it was thought he would do. Tom Watson's riddlement of the Democratic platform and candidate is being used effectively by the Republicans with the silver men. Indeed, Watson bids fair to resurrect Populism in the South and West. From all parts of the country comes the story that there is no interest in Parker and Davis, that the people like Roosevelt. About all the strength Parker has, apparently, is with the Brahmin caste in New England, in the office of the *New York Evening Post*, in the Solid South, and in Hill's up-country following in New York State. That cannot help him. There isn't enough of it. Worst of all for Parker is the listlessness of the business and speculative world. It was supposed to be afraid of Roosevelt. It was more afraid of Bryan. When Bryan was put down at St. Louis, business was relieved. Wall street didn't care then how things went. It naturally fell back upon its natural political affiliation with the Republicans. Wall street doesn't care much for Roosevelt, but it trusts Roosevelt's party, and whatever the

Democratic party may say in its platform, there is no certainty that firebrands will not appear, and no assurance that however Parker stands now, he would not "go with his party" in some crazy crisis, just as he stuck to regularity on silver in 1896. Besides, it took wild horses to drag the gold telegram out of Parker after he was nominated. It was Joseph Pulitzer's hammering that Parker must declare himself for gold that forced Parker to do this. Parker, therefore, is not quite so "safe and sane" in business men's opinion as party leaders would have us believe, and every time the "safe and sane" cry goes up the Democratic leaders who were with Bryan feel the implication and insinuation against their mentality.

Judge Parker is not satisfactory even to the forces that put him up. The great New York Democratic papers have a querulous undertone in their editorials in his favor. They think he is "playing the dignity racket too strong." They want him to do something to wake things up. They don't like the apathy which Parker seems to radiate upon the campaign manager. Parker's speech is worse than his silence. His letter

Roosevelt dominates both parties. His opponents are even more directed in their movements by his words and deeds than are his followers. Egad, if it were not for Roosevelt there'd be no issue for the Democrats, since they seem to approve all that McKinley did, and to object only to the McKinley policy because Roosevelt carried it out after McKinley's death. Roosevelt stays quiet—and it must be hard work—but since Parker's letter, there seems no use in saying anything. It is no answer at all to Roosevelt's challenge to the Democracy to state specifically where it would overturn what has been done or change the policy of government now in force. Still, Roosevelt shouldn't be muzzled. The people have some rights in this campaign, or right, at least, to a thrill or a whooping up now and then. Parker can't give it, but Roosevelt can. Too funereal is the campaign. There's no fun in it. Roosevelt is the person we all look to for a little excitement. He has the capacity to interest us, even when he is quiet, but as most of us are going to vote for him, even though he is to have almost a walk-over, he should—and I would not speak disrespectfully of the President—come out and do some little characteristic writing or talking "stunt" that would sound or look like giving us "a run for our money."

Evolution and Immortality

By William Marion Reedy

PROFESSOR HYSLOP who gained some notoriety because of his effervescent credulity in the matter of mind-reading spiritism and other occult phenomena, has written a long article for the *International Journal of Ethics*, in which he argues that the universe does not reveal an intelligent purpose. He does not believe that evolution has any evident purpose other than that of preservation of the race or type, and this only on conditions. Evolution at least has no purpose as to the individual; its purpose, whatever it may be, is accomplished only at the expense of half, or more than half, of the individuals created. The only apparent purpose is the preservation of the strong and the destruction of the weak. There is nothing moral in this process. Professor Hyslop thinks that the intelligent moral purpose of evolution, if it have one, can only be established upon the obtaining of evidence of the continuance of life after death. In brief, Professor Hyslop does not see a benign purpose in the evolution the results of which may be good and moral for people who may be on earth aeons hence. What is such a result to those who have to die before its attainment? If there be nothing after this life for any of us except the fact that a posterity so remote as to be almost unimaginable shall be happy, why should we put up with modern

cant about evolution as having a benign purpose as to us? And because certain results are predicted does it follow that they were purposed? Not all. Professor Hyslop is right in his contention. He does a high service in smashing the fake of substituting a belief in evolution for a religion of love and gratitude.

But Professor Hyslop does not go far enough. He accepts evolution as a fact, when it is not. It is only a theory. The survival of the fittest is not established as a fact. Evolution, so called, does not always progress. There are great backward slumps in its record. Besides, the evolution of the protoplasm into man is not proven. There is an infinity of difference, which cannot be bridged, between the highest beast and the lowest man. It does not follow that man shall be destroyed as beasts, birds or fishes have been destroyed for the selection of a few, and besides there are more people in the world now than there were when man was less evolved. The survival of the fittest is not a moral doctrine, because it means the survival only of superior physique and not the progression of moral worth. There is nothing moral in evolution unless it be controlled by a moral supreme intelligence. Evolution without God, and that is the evolution most believed in, is a gigantic fraud as a substitute for a religion. Professor

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Hyslop argues well, but he would argue better if he would not accept evolution too implicitly.

"If rats and maggots end us, then alarm, for we are betrayed," yea even though we are assured by the cultus that culminated in the finale of "In Memoriam," that in some distant dim time beyond computation a set of beings to whom we shall be as remotely related as the primordial protoplasm to ourselves shall be happy and utterly wise. What is the universe or its purpose, if it has none for you or for me? What care I for a purpose that shall have effect only through annihilation of my identity? What is immortality, even if to attain it my mortal individuality here and now be lost or changed so that I shall have no remembrance of the people and the things I loved, of the sufferings I bore or inflicted, of even the sins that made me glad only to make me,

later, sad? Who wants to rise a pure spirit and forget his poor, weak, wicked but dear and delightful flesh and blood that so often wrestled with the spirit and threw it? There's nothing in immortality without the literal resurrection of the body, since only through the body has anyone known aught of the glory of the soul. Out upon an immortality without eyes to see with, ears to hear with, hands with which to clasp other hands, lips with which to kiss other lips that we kissed here, with all the senses through which we knew, felt and gave effect to the informing spirit within us. There is nothing in man or in the universe or its purpose if there be not a continuance of life after death, and as yet there is no proof of such a thing. This may be despair, but evolution does not relieve its blackness.

had anything to do with the city's purchases or in his personal capacity with his company's sales. Let us be fair to our political opponents. I think the *P.-D.*'s attack on the Republican candidate for Governor is unworthy of that paper's reputation for fair dealing in public affairs.



No More, Thank You.

THE *Globe-Democrat* avers that the World's Fair may close December 1st this year and reopen for another eight months on May 1st next year. Not on your life! We've had enough World's Fair to last us for several centuries. The Fair people couldn't and wouldn't stand another eight months. St. Louis generally doesn't want another siege of entertaining. Business men haven't realized as they expected upon the Fair trade. A few big houses like Barr's, Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, 'Mermod-Jaccard have had enormous trade, but the overflow of business into the city from the Fair has not been great. There hasn't been much money expended by the Fair crowds outside the grounds and the little hotels. The big down town hotels realized nothing in the way of business up to about three weeks ago. No; we don't want any more Fair than we've got to have under the law. We don't want to take any chance on running a sort of chestnut hang-over Fair. But why take this matter seriously. We can't have another year of the Fair if we wanted it. The Fair has to close finally and for good on an appointed day. The *Globe-Democrat* must have "bats in its belfry."



Missouri Apathy.

SENATOR STONE confesses that there is no enthusiasm in Missouri for Parker and Davis because Missouri was and is a Bryan State, and he is coming home from Washington to rouse things up. Senator Stone cannot rouse things up. The Republicans stand a good chance of shelving Senator Cockrell as a result of the Parker-Davis nominations piled atop of the corruption and crookedness exposed at the State capital. The Democrats of Missouri are pretty tired of all their former leaders. They want a new deal. Nobody can enthuse them but Folk who does so because his uprising means the beginning of the end of the old State capital crowd. If the Republicans had had sense enough not to make any nomination for Governor, endorsed Folk and then put up a strong ticket for minor offices, Roosevelt and Folk would have carried Missouri this year. Cockrell, Stone, Dockery, Seibert, all the old crowd are being shelved by the Democrats and after four years of Folk as Governor there's no telling what will happen in Missouri. There's nothing that Senator Stone can enthuse us about in Missouri because the Senator is against pretty nearly everything that the people could enthuse about.



Kipling the Mystic.

NOT LONG since Mr. Rudyard Kipling got far enough away from his poetical pamphleteering to write for *Scribner's* a short story called "They." It is Kipling at his mystic best and strange to say at his materialistic and realistic best, for he links the automobile and scenes from very drab life with a beautiful phantasy of a wood peopled by the spirits of dead children and even with the most recondite fancies of esoteric theosophy. No wonder the many among magazine-readers write to editors all over the country for an explanation of the story. I have received more than a dozen such letters mostly from the people who could not understand the poet's line "for each man kills the thing he loves." To any one gifted with fine feeling and imagination Mr. Kipling's

Reflections



By William Marion Reedy

The Yap.

METHOUGHT all the sinfulness was in the cities, that there the official briber and bribe taker flourished, that vice was unknown in the God-made country and almost indigenous to the man-made town. But I thought wrong. Here is a man down in Bates county who avers that the sheriff of that rustic paradise, summoning him as a juror to sit in trial upon Charlie Kratz, the St. Louis boodler, offered him with the summons \$200 to hold out for Kratz's acquittal, if kept as a juror, and guaranteeing him \$25 in order to keep him from saying anything of the \$200, in case he was not accepted as a juror. This is the vice that the rural Missourian has so much reprehended in St. Louis. The Yap is out for the coin straight or crooked, dirty or clean, equally as vigorously as his city brother. The Yap is the only man who will go thousands of miles to buy counterfeit money with which to swindle his neighbors. The Yap is the fellow who is ready to buy a stolen gold brick. The Yap is the man who goes broke against "monte" or the "shells" because he thinks he has caught the operator napping. The Yap official is the fellow who will take pay from pickpockets for the privilege of "dipping" in the crowds at the county fair. The Yap official in St. Louis county, taking money from sharpers, thieves and bawds, and taking it with both hands has made the place a hell for six months or more. The Yap legislator at Jefferson City and other state capitals is more rapacious for boodle than his city brother. The Yap official in Bates county is accused openly of going out to boodle a jury in favor of an accused boodler. The city bagnios are recruited from the victims of Yap vice. All of which is not to say that vice in the country excuses vice or crime in the city. It is only to say that men and women, too, are much the same in city and in country, about as weak and about as strong before temptation. But the Yap crook is always the loudest of the country crowd to lead a crusade against the cities and the first person who, coming to the city, wants to be led out into the land of the midnight sun to see the doings, b'gosh. Of all the contemptible creatures on earth the Yap hypocrite takes the blue ribbon.



Col. Walbridge and His Firm.

THE *Post-Dispatch* opens up on Col. Walbridge,

the Republican nominee for Governor with a flaring chapter, showing that while Mr. Walbridge was President of the City Council the firm of which he was president, sold the city great quantities of drugs. There is a charter provision that elective and appointive officers shall not be directly or indirectly interested in any contract with the city either for work to be performed or for supplies to be furnished. If a person so offending shall be convicted he may be punished for misdemeanor by fine or imprisonment, or both, and shall be forever debarred from office in the city or state. This looks more serious, I think, than it is. A man who holds an office can hardly be held for the transactions of a company or corporation in which he is interested with the city or state, if he had no personal knowledge of the transactions. It seems hardly to have been the intention of the lawmakers that because a man held stock in a company doing business with the city, his company should cease doing business or he should quit his position. It is a fact that on the face of the evidence Col. Walbridge is technically guilty, but it is a fact that a rigid enforcement of such a law would keep all first class business men out of official life forever. Col. Walbridge as president of the council took no action on the transactions with the city as an official, and it may reasonably be doubted that he paid much attention to them personally. It is highly probable that Col. Walbridge's firm sold goods to the city long before he was an official and that he had as little knowledge of the transactions before as after his election. It seems to me that the attack of the *Post-Dispatch* on Col. Walbridge is a broadside on a very small matter that will be offensive to business men generally. This idea that a company cannot do business with the city because some stockholder has a city position is an absurd stretching after honesty. It reminds one of the usual howl about appointing corporation lawyers to official position, when the fact is that there is no lawyer worth a rap or fit for any important position in government who is not a corporation lawyer. Col. Walbridge is a man who would not connive at small money-making in the way the *Post-Dispatch* suggests. I have no doubt that if his firm bid for a big contract which would have had to be approved by the council, he as President of the Council would have refrained from voting, but it is not at all likely that he in his official capacity

story needs no explanation. It is the story of all who have borne and lost, of the moments of motherhood and fatherhood wherein the bereaved feel after long time the little kisses on their palms from lips long since fallen to dust. Only those who have borne and lost can enter the wood of the ghost children, yet some there be who have not borne and lost who can come anear the lost little ones through innate sympathy even though they never knew the pain of bearing or of losing. This story "They" is as fine a thing as Kipling has done since "The Brushwood Boy." It is full of the best there is in that Kipling who sang the song of steam, told the story of the ship that found herself, hymned McAndrew's hymn and told us the first story of *Mowgli*. There is that in Kipling which belies his own dictum that East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. They meet and mingle in him, Oriental mysticism and Occidental materialism, and they supplement support and mutually interpret one another almost miraculously. This story of "They" is somewhat the subtlest thing he has done thus far and is the high water mark of his eerie genius which often enough especially in his political rhyming descends to the level of mere talent. "They" will make some people's heads hurt in the reading, but then, and this is its highest quality, it will make the heart hurt in the breasts of others with the memories of little kisses from the lips of vanished little children.



Two of 'Em.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR is visiting the United States. So is Henry James the novelist. Both will write their impressions of the country. Both are self-expatriates. Mr. Astor has forsworn his American citizenship. Mr. James has lived so long in England that he has actually arrived at the accomplishment of being unable to write English. Mr. Astor is much of a snob, but Henry James is more so. Indeed the latter looks down on us from a loftier height than the former and with more disdain. Both of them patronize us. They both condescend to visit home and tell us how much finer we are than they had ventured to suspect. But after all, don't we deserve their attitude towards us because of the amount of attention we bestow upon them?



Who Knows?

PERHAPS SOME one, somewhere, knows what was done at the World's Fair Congress of Arts and Sciences last week, but not from anything the local dailies printed about the proceedings. The papers were condensed evidently by tyros into what frequently read like the most meaningless gibberish. Not a paper here reproduced James Bryce's monograph. Not a paper here handled the meetings of the branches in any fashion calculated to impart to the reader the faintest dea of what was beng done at the most notable convocation of all those brought together here by the Fair. The local papers here with their great resources have not done justice to any of the important gatherings in connection with the Fair. The only event they handled with anything like thoroughness—and that was nauseating—was the visit of the President's daughter. His sons were exploited in a fashion only slightly less disgusting for its sycophantic slobber of detail. The St. Louis dailies may think that they have helped the Fair in the matter of publicity, but they have another think coming. Their work for the Fair reminds one of the epitaph over the bad man's grave in the West: "He done his damndest; angels could do no more." One

begins to understand in contemplation of the obvious inadequacy of the method of the local dailies in covering the Fair, why the managers all got on the directory and didn't indulge in any criticism of the Fair management. They didn't criticize because they knew how rotten their own work was. They stood in with and up for everything criticizable at the Fair because they handled the Fair in the cheapest, smallest, snidest manner possible. About the worst exhibit in this city during the Fair period, or any other period, is the newspaper exhibit. The papers are, for the most part, the stalest in the country, run at less cost, on a narrower line of policy, with less evidence of catering in the least degree to whatever intelligence may exist in the community than can be found in the newspaper atmosphere of any other city in the country. If a city be judged by its daily papers, as to the status of intelligence or culture in the community, then God help St. Louis!



V. P.

NEXT WEEK the Veiled Prophets will blow in about \$45,000 on a pageant and ball for the entertainment of citizens and guests. The Prophets don't do much else in the course of a year but arrange for and give the pageant and ball, but surely that's a good deal, when you consider the innocently high quality of fun they furnish us, young and old, with their money. The expenditure is for the promotion of happiness all around and is therefore to be commended for its moral effect because happy people are rarely bad people. There has been some talk of disbanding the organization, but I hope this will amount to nothing more than talk. The men who have kept the organization going for more than a quarter of a century certainly see benefits arising therefrom to the city, aside from the mere fun, or they would not have persevered in the work as they have done. There are men and women, who will take their children to see this year's pageant, who were themselves led children when the first pageant appeared. The affair is an institution hallowed by memories and must not be allowed to fall into moribundity. That year would be no year at all in which in the season just beginning Indian summer all the local children didn't begin to wonder who the

Prophet is, whence he comes and whither he goes, and the matrons and girls didn't flush into a fever of curiosity to know who would be the queen of love and beauty. There is just as much anxiety as to the identity of this year's queen as there was in the first year a queen was crowned, and there will be just as many heart-burnings as ever among the matrons who have not been chosen to be members of the Court of Honor. The Prophets have established a feature of social life in this city which it would be unwise to allow to die out. The ball is a big affair but not a snobbish one. It is democratic but it never has been vulgarized. It is typical of the city's social tone of tolerant disregard of absurd social distinctions. Long may the Prophets flourish!



Mukden and Port Arthur.

THOUGH there has been of late considerable discussion of mediation in the Japanese-Russian war in Manchuria, it is quite evident from the determined stand both sides have taken that there is little hope for an adjustment of the difficulties or a permanent cessation of fighting for some time to come. Russia has not yet given up, though severely handled. The war party at St. Petersburg, now in full sway, has taken a fresh hold of the situation and plans have been perfected to push the war with more zeal and more men. Two armies, instead of one, are to be placed in the field and the Baltic fleet for the "many-eth" time is to be rushed to Port Arthur. All these things might augur disaster for Japan were it not that on top of it all comes the report that the general staff at St. Petersburg has also been figuring on replacing General Kuropatkin as commander in chief or of hampering him with advisers who owe allegiance, more or less, to his arch-enemy, Alexieff. Any clashing of authority in the conduct of Russia's two armies is sure to result in further retreat, if not complete rout. The Japanese have no such troubles. They are now refreshed and recruited after the struggles at Liao Yang and are moving on Mukden in such a manner as to compel if possible a general engagement or the withdrawal of the Russians from the city. Reports recently received reveal the now old and important condition of the war—a superior force of Japanese—on the heels of the Muscovite host. With such an advantage the military experts look forward to another Russian retreat. The Japanese commander, however, evidently hopes with his largely reinforced army to make this impossible by completely surrounding General Kuropatkin. Meanwhile the operations at Port Arthur show that the Japs are drawing closer to their goal at every assault. But the Russians are fighting determinedly to hold the fort, in the hope of the arrival of the Baltic fleet or the Czar's second army with relief. As it is more essential to the Japanese cause that the fortress be taken before either of these contingencies may be realized or attempted, the next month will no doubt be notable for the fighting at this point. It is hardly possible that the defenders are capable of withstanding a great, prolonged assault since they must ere now be greatly weakened by the lack of proper nourishment and the continual strain of watchfulness and fighting. The continued defense of this position gives the lie to the Russian General Staff's statement that the fall of Port Arthur would not in any way affect the situation in Manchuria. The brave men behind the walls of Port Arthur, as it now transpires, are the real Russian heroes of the war. Where would Russia's proud army have been now but for their gallant fight? By holding the attention of an entire Japanese army they undoubtedly prevented the overwhelming of General

Wet Weather Talk

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

In this existence, dry and wet will overtake the best
of men—

Some little skift o' clouds'll shet the sun off now
and then;

They ain't no sense, as I kin see, in mortals sich as
you and me,

A-faultin' Nature's wise intents, and lockin' horns
with Providence.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

From the Reader Magazine.

Kuropatkin and his troops at Liáo Yang. With such a force added to Field Marshal Oyama's there could have been no other result.



Deadly Fashions.

A KENTUCKY woman has just sacrificed her life on the altar of fashion, her high-heeled boots causing the fatal malady. This naturally leads one to reflect as to whether other devotees of fashions are not taking their lives in their own hands, or to state it more correctly, placing their safety in their skirts and other cumbersome garments. What deadly results may there not be in the skirt of 30-foot circumference and ponderous weight? We all know what the doctors and other scientists have said of the sweeping skirt as a collector of the most deadly disease germs, but we are inclined to laugh at such pronouncements as bugaboos of fashion. But in truth there is something in it. Aside from this fact, however, is it not wise to consider the great skirt a menace to the wearers' life and limb? Think how cumbersome they are and what an awful time a crowd of panic stricken women so clad, would have trying to escape from a burning building, store, or from a street car threatened with reconstruction in collision! These big skirts may yet leave a sad story behind them. They are not suited to the present day life, however much they may have been admired by our dear old grandmothers of the happy past.



Worthy Reform Movement.

IF THERE is anything in a reform movement the Democratic party of St. Louis County should score a victory at the coming election. They have adopted a platform denouncing the carnival of crime which the Republican officials winked at and which was an outrage upon the decent citizens of the locality. The overthrow of the present officers would in a measure prove a vindication of St. Louis, since much of the crime perpetrated beyond the city's limits, helped to discredit this municipality and the Exposition.



Foot Ball's Gory Record.

THE FOOTBALL season of 1904 is approaching. We know it from the accidents to players getting ready for the fray. The slaughter soon will be on and the erudite faculty members of various famous seats of learning will then be busy explaining that the sport is not essentially brutal. Wonder how long it will take the American educator and the parents of the college boy to discover that such strenuous sport is not conducive to the making of a thorough man. Some physicians even declare that it is the enemy of longevity; that one hard contested game takes from the athlete the energy necessary to many years of life. The question that naturally arises then is. Does the gain in college pride and spirit outweigh the damage that is wrought upon the gridiron? Take the record for 1903. The football season extends over but a few months yet in that time there have been 25 deaths, 500 serious injuries, mostly broken limbs and shoulders, and 16 cases of spinal injury which ended in paralysis of the patient, all due to the mad indulgence in football. Such an appalling record should in itself be sufficient proof of the brutality of the game. And something should be done to bring about a change.



Pistol Toting.

MEN fight quicker over politics at election time than they do over anything else. The most trivial disputes, things which could have no effect, good or

bad, upon the destiny of a party, are sufficient, it seems, to cause riot and bloodshed. For this reason pistol toting on election days, especially at polling places, should be suppressed by the police. Had some such action been taken Mr. Beck, the Republican judge, would not have gone armed into the polling place, near which Mr. Scheel, the young law student, was recently shot and killed. The Beck incident should serve as a forewarning to the police, and to other election officials. If men must become pugnacious over politics, it is better they should give or receive, in the old-fashioned way, a good trouncing, than that both, and perhaps several disinterested spectators besides, should be killed. While on the subject, it may as well be said right here that pistol toting has become so common nowadays that human life has been greatly cheapened. One would think there was no law against it. Boys and old men, and even women, carry the deadly revolver. All sorts of excuses are improvised for the purpose of securing a permit, but they are few indeed who bother themselves so much as to ask permission to carry arms. Vigorous enforcement of the law is necessary. It would prevent many from carrying revolvers, and there would be less blood letting.



Street Car vs. Autobus.

IS THE street car as well as the horse to be put out of business in the big cities by the automobiles? An anonymous contributor in a recent number of *The Manufacturers' Record*, a man who has built and rebuilt many systems of railways, and who has devoted much thought to the subject, prophesies that this change is not only sure to come, but he points out that in several cities it has already practically arrived. There seems to be more in his prophecy than

the majority of us see or are willing to concede. As a matter of fact, street railway systems at present lack permanency. They have already been forced to make many changes to meet improvements in the method and means of transportation, and will have to make more. Even the bicycle has had its effect on them in some places where conditions were favorable, but the constant progress and change in electrical appliances which necessitate the costly reconstruction, together with the tendency of all municipalities to make their streets more substantial and suitable to vehicle travel are the principal factors moving toward the adoption of the automobile as a general means of transportation in cities. Besides, there is the novelty of the automobile, and the fact that it differs from the street car in not compelling passengers to follow the beaten path. Los Angeles and Denver, with their perfectly constructed streets, are abandoning the street car for the autobus, and right here in St. Louis and in Chicago and New York this new form of travel is keeping pace with the street improvements.



A Born Leader.

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, aged 81 years, is a born leader. The last thing he led was a cotillion. No wonder the oppressed masses are rallying to him by the hundred thousand. Democracy has long been in need of a cotillion leader, and it fires the Democratic heart to know that it has in its candidate for Vice-President a man for whom Harry Lehr can vote without reluctance. A man worth \$40,000,000 who can lead a cotillion is what Democracy has prayed for, for these many years. Only with such a leader could the party hope to wipe out the blight of Bryanism and anarchism.

A Wanderer's Litany



By Arthur Stringer

WHEN my life has enough of love, and my spirit enough of mirth,
When the ocean no longer beckons me,
when the roadway calls no more,

*Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God,
that day!*

When the lash of the wave bewilders, and I shrink
from the sting of the rain,
When I hate the gloom of Thy steel-gray wastes, and
slink to the lamp-lit shore,

*Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on
my way!*

When I house me close in a twilit inn, when I brood
by a dying fire,

When I kennel and cringe with fat content, where a
pillow and loaf are sure,

*Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God,
that day!*

When I quail at the snow on the uplands, when I
crawl from the glare of the sun,

When the trails that are lone invite me not, and the
half-way lamps allure,

*Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on
my way!*

When the wine has all ebbed from an April, when the
Autumn of life forgets

The call and the lure of the widening West, the wind
in the straining rope,

*Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God,
that day!*

When I waken to hear adventurers strange throng
valiantly forth by night,

To the sting of the salt-spume, dust of the plain, and
width of the western slope,

*Oh, purge me in Thy primal fires, and fling me on
my way!*

When swarthy and careless and grim they throng out
under my rose-grown sash,

And I—I bide me there by the coals, and I know not
heat nor hope,

*Then, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake me, God,
that day!*

From Smart Set.

A Matter of Taste in Divorce

By Theodore Bonnet

ACCORDING to a newspaper report some surprise was occasioned the other day when a man permitted his wife to obtain a divorce from him, for he might have availed himself of certain indiscretions on her part. His failure to do so was considered odd. Yet it is not an uncommon practice nowadays, in polite circles, for a man to safeguard from public scandal the wife of his bosom who has had the misfortune to dishonor him. And why not? It is an easy way out of an embarrassing situation to shoulder the onus of marital infelicity. It is not unmanly for a husband to have compassion for the woman who has dishonored him, to withhold the instrument of revenge, curb his wrath and stifle his resentment. It is a secret celestial influence that enables men to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wounded spirit.

Collusive divorces are prohibited by law, but when cause of action arises and separation is imperative, it would be no serious offence against the majesty of the law for the wronged husband graciously to act as defendant with the object of sparing the feelings of his faithless spouse. He gains nothing by branding the woman, and he surely does not conceive it to be his duty to the State to hold her up to public obloquy. Though it is to the interest of society to stimulate prejudice against adultery, and to make the crime as repugnant as possible, it is hardly to be contended that the husband is a divinely authorized scourge of vice. He is no more that than he is a monument of fidelity. Nor has he inherited the prerogative of the ancient mob that stoned the adulteress along the highway. However, in proclaiming the infamy of his wife he does not violate the ethics governing the conduct of a gentleman. It is the privilege of proud man to regard an unfaithful wife as a loathsome creature, and to treat her as such, not only by separating from her, but by humiliating her. The moralists of old so decreed, and ancient tradition so prescribes. It is a sentiment handed down to us from the centuries ago that though wives ought to honor their husbands and husbands their wives, it should be remembered that men are a degree higher in the scale of creation than women. Of course it is a strictly masculine sentiment, but it is the basis of an unwritten law that holds women to a stricter accountability than that to which men are subject. The unwritten law is not in harmony with the law of the land, but it is enforced by society, which imposes a penalty for the transgressions of the wife, but none for those of the husband. Being sensible of this partiality, the charitable husband, the one softened by that true gentility which springs from dignity of sentiment, may be inclined to dissemble for the protection of the woman who has sinned against him. Is it to be presumed that he is not jealous of his honor inasmuch as he has not adopted the popular mode of vindicating it? There are pedants in breeding as well as in learning, and they may be able to answer. As for me, I have never been able to understand how a man may vindicate his honor by inflicting punishment on the woman who has brought shame on his home.

In my opinion the strongest argument in favor of the public branding of faithless wives is that the im-

portance of preserving the integrity of matrimony, the axis on which the whole social economy revolves, demands that force of example should never be neglected. But if it were the sense of society that public policy demanded the exposure of faithless wives a law would be passed requiring husbands to wield the branding iron. Such is not the sense of society or of the church. In this Christian era it is not believed that any appreciable number of women are virtuous simply because they lack the courage of their passions. Few people agree with that distinguished philosopher, Schopenhauer, in the assertion that female honor is purely utilitarian, arising from the necessity of *esprit de corps*. He argued that women depend on men in all the relations of life, and that as man possesses all the good things of earth by reason of his superior physical and intellectual power, it behooves women to get her share by conquest. To this end the honor of all women depends on the integrity of each representative of the sex. Each woman is therefore in honor bound not to give herself to man except in marriage, and to remain faithful to the terms on which man capitulates, because infidelity is conduct calculated to frighten other men from making similar surrender.

We who have a higher appreciation of women than Schopenhauer know that the sense of honor is a species of idealism that had its inspiration in religion, which chastens the heart and perfects character. And

yet Schopenhauer was not far from the truth when he argued the interest of the sex in the integrity of each representative thereof. The sex assumes the role of custodian of the morals of each representative, and is most insistent on the expose of delinquencies; probably because of the satisfaction derived from shining by contrast. If there were no bad women in the world virtue would be commonplace. So it is to the interest of the sex that the delinquencies of individual representatives should be exposed. That, however, is not the stimulus to the action of wronged husbands who drag the names of frail women through the muck of the divorce courts, exulting in the great scandal they have precipitated, and too often unmindful of the stain cast on innocent children. It appears to be the exceptional husband who is restrained by a sense of delicacy or by regard for his children. The husband who invites the world to the feast of scandal is usually moved by no loftier spirit than that of revenge. Perhaps he is a salutary instrument operating for the preservation of the sanctity of the home. Perhaps the effect of his vindictive conduct is wholesome. And yet I am inclined to prefer that finer temperament which fortifies a man with the arms of reason against the furious appetite of revenge. I am ever mindful of the words of an old English philosopher, that the great point of honor in men is courage, and in women chastity; that if a man loses his honor in one encounter it is not impossible for him to regain it in another, whereas a slip in a woman's honor is irretrievable. I have no censure or scorn for the husband who, having pity for his erring wife, exhibits magnanimity in the casting off of her without taking the jeering world into his confidence, who in resenting her departure from virtue is mild in his revenge. Generosity toward a woman who has sinned needs no apology.

A Honeymoon

(With Asides)

SHE—Do you love me?

HE—Do I love you? (Great Scott, but I'm getting tired of this.) You know, dear, how much I love you.

SHE—But do you love me as much as you did? You called me darling yesterday, and now it's just "dear."

HE—You silly little goose. (Oh, what a jar! Heavens, have I got to keep up this lovey-dovey business forever?) As if outward expression of any sort was adequate to describe my feelings for you. Why, my darling precious little sweetheart, I—

SHE—That's better. Now, kiss me.

HE—There, how's that? (Oh, my, oh, my, I haven't had a smoke for three hours, and there's no prospect of being able to break away.) And that! And that!

SHE—Well, why do you stop?

HE—I wasn't stopping, dearie. (What's the use?) I was only getting my second wind. (Oh, what can I do to sneak away for a little rest? Let me see.) By Jove, that reminds me.

SHE—Of what? I hope it's of me.

HE—Oh, of course. (Isn't this fierce? Why, I can't even take a vacation in my mind.) Yes, it was of you, pet, in a way. The fact is, I haven't got

our return tickets yet. (Now for a quiet hour by myself.)

SHE—Must you get them now?

HE—Oh, yes, sweetie. ("Sweetie" is a new one. Hope she notices it.) The seats must be secured at once, you know.

SHE—Then I will go with you.

HE—(The deuce!) But, my honey-jam (there's another!), can you stand the walk? It's several blocks, and they're long ones, too. (I begin to see my finish!)

SHE—But why walk, darling? Why not get a carriage? You know we can drive slow, and pull down the blinds.

HE—(Well, there doesn't seem to be any rest for the weary. And if any man needs a change, I do. Three weeks now of lovey-dovey! My, but this is wearying.) Why, that's so, my peacherine! I hadn't thought of that. I'll run right downstairs and order a carriage at once. (It will take ten minutes anyway without arousing her suspicions. That will give me a breathing spell.)

SHE—You cruel, horrid thing!

HE—(Now I'm up against it again!) Why, precious pet, what do you mean?

SHE—I just *know* you don't love me.

HE—(Now wouldn't that jar you!) But, darling, what have I done?

She—Why, don't you know you can ring for a carriage?

He—(I'm in for it now!) Why, sure! Of course. Why didn't I think of it before?

She (tapping him gently on the cheek)—Well, never mind. But now, you careless, forgetful boy, you'll have to make it up to me.

He—(What's the use?) Of course, sweetmeat! What now?

She—I shall expect you to kiss me one thousand times without stopping!

He—(And all I've got to look forward to is a lifetime of this!) Yes, sugar-plum!

From Smart Set.

The Roots of Sacrifice

By Charles Fleming Embree

DR. ROBERT MORSE sat on his front porch at dusk, the breeze no menace to him. So long it was since he left Indiana that his California life was reared around him like a beautiful ground-glass bowl, and seldom did he see out of it.

Now, to break the bowl, came the telegraph messenger, wheeling under the umbrella trees. When the doctor took the telegram he thought that it concerned a patient in Riverside, but by the sunset glow he made out these words:

Evansville, Ind.

Doctors decide David must spend a year in California. I shall come with him at once. Could you find us a house? See letter.

MARIAN APPLETON.

"Well, well," murmured he, and sank down deeply in his chair. The papyrus by the porch railing waved its green hair over his propped-up feet. And then again, "Well, well; Aunt Marian."

So, temporarily, the ground-glass bowl of his California life was broken, and he saw, with the eyes of his heart, old days in Evansville, the whitish Ohio, Aunt Marian, and one old gray-green gown she wore.

Of a sudden the messenger boy came again, emerging from the dusk.

"I thought that you were gone," said Morse.

"I was; it's another one."

"Oh; then I'll hear from my Riverside man after all." The doctor was forced to turn on the electric light which hung from the ceiling of the porch.

Evansville, Ind.

Doctor thinks Marian must come to California for a year. Her case serious. I leave with her at once. Rent us a cottage. See letter.

DAVID APPLETON.

Three days later Mrs. Morse took the two epistles out of the mail-box together, just as Morse came out from lunch to see. She was a thin, dark woman, always seeking external activities, chiefly in the way of lodge.

"Here they are," said she, "ready to swoop down upon us with hardly a warning!"

"Shame," said the doctor. "Susanna, they haven't demanded a thing of you." And he opened Aunt Marian's letter:

Dear Robert: You see with what faith I turn to you in trouble. Poor David, there can be no longer doubt, has tuberculosis. The doctor advises me to take him West at once, and how could I bear to go where he doesn't know a soul? When you're getting along in years it's very hard to pull up roots. We can't be transplanted like younger people; wherever we pull away we bleed. Of course, it is a terrible sacrifice for me to turn my back on the old home and the whole of life. But how glad I am to do it for him! If there is anything near you to rent get it for us. A little cottage, with lawn and flowers to work with, would be good for David. For you need not expect him to act like an invalid. He moves about and enjoys himself, and is still that lovely character you knew him. We reach you at 3:30 p. m. May 23d. Yours as ever, AUNT MARIAN.

P. S.—One important thing I forgot. We never have spoken much of his disease. I make it a point

not to mention the word. I like to keep his mind wholly off it, and shall ask you not to talk at all as though he were ill.

"Rather a mysterious old pair," said Susanna. "Now let's hear Uncle David's version."

Dear Bob: The dreaded lung trouble is getting its hold on Marian. I can deny the truth no longer. The doctor and I fixed it up without her consent to get her West for a year. Are there cottages? I tell you, old boy, this is a tough pull for me. An old codger can't pull up roots like a young one. But I'd go into the heart of Africa for her, and she's as patient about it as she can be—never even mentions the disease. Neither do I. I make it a point not to talk about it, and shall ask you to do the same. You won't find her so bad as really to act the invalid, you know. I'm completely pulling up stakes, and have sold out the steamers. Do you remember how you used to go up the Tennessee on the "Nisbet" and keep track of the peanuts and cotton? Marian and I talk those old times over. Bob, she's the same noble woman.

Yours affectionately,

DAVID APPLETON.

The day of the arrival was a hard one for Mrs. Morse—with preparation of the rented cottage—though Mrs. Morse was addicted to hard ones. To have more to do than she could was her habit.

The little yellow house smiled at the new-comers as only California houses smile. When the trio descended from the bus at the door, Marian Appleton's beautiful face was lit with pensive happiness.

"Oh, Robert," she said, "this lovely little spot. The very place for him."

She was a lady of fifty, gentle, fine of feature, with soft eyes. So pretty and young she looked that Morse, carried into the past, stood forgetful of all else, till she touched his elbow, and whispered: "Won't you please carry the valise for David? The journey has been weary. I have to watch all those little things."

The doctor seized the baggage in one hand and Uncle David's fat arm in the other, and the two followed the women, Appleton putting his gray whiskers to Morse's ear, and whispering: "We won't see your place till to-morrow, Bob, old boy; we'll go to bed early to-night—she needs the rest."

"Yes," said the doctor, mildly. "Susanna and I understand." And the fascination of this, his most curious psychological study, was paramount to Morse.

After supper, when he stood smoking in the dark of the porch, he felt an arm go round his waist, and turning could barely see Aunt Marian's white countenance.

"Now, Robert, my dear, I know you will understand—I think David would better retire at once. And then," she smiled, dreamily, "it is a strain on me to seem cheerful, you know. Good-night, dear boy, and thanks a thousand times! At what hour shall I come to your office to-morrow to consult you about David?"

The doctor suggested nine, and she glided into the sitting-room; then through a side door issued David Appleton, and came to him with an air of secrecy, whispering: "Bob, you'll excuse us now, won't you?—you see, Marian ought to go to bed. I want to be careful of her, old boy. Say, when could I drop up—on the sly, you know—to see you about her?"

There was something pathetic about this—out of the dusk the old man's face shone with yearning. How they seemed to depend upon Morse! He meditated; he fell into the tender strategy, and said: "About ten, Uncle David; about ten I should say—not before."

"Good-night," Appleton said; "you see," and he yawned, "this thing of being jolly when I feel so anxious about her—"

The doctor's office was a shiny and new one on the second floor of a handsome block. Next day she came in hastily, with dainty, quick furtiveness.

"I just ran away. I thought, you know, I'd make some little excuse. Now—tell me all that he must do. Did you observe him last night?"

The doctor placed a chair for her and donned his profoundest manner. "I took in all the symptoms," he said. "Not a serious case. He must get out of doors. He must be interested in the lawn and the flowers. That is all—not a drop of medicine."

She smiled happily over that. "I've already done it!" she said. "He's digging around the roses now; and do you know, I am sure the blessed, unselfish man will come here secretly to consult you about himself. You see he does not wish to worry me. It is beautiful how he will not let me talk of it. And of course," she folded her hands, "I humor him in that. When he comes, just act as though"—palely shone her face—"as though you hadn't seen me at all. And by the way," now she had walked to the window and spoke in quite an off-hand manner, "you had better give me something for this little cough of mine, now that I'm here."

"I noticed it," the doctor said. "You may take—"

"Oh, it doesn't amount to anything," she hastened to say; and turned a wistful look on him.

"No, no," he answered. "People often take—hm—take little colds when they change the climate. Use this—the directions are on the— Now it would encourage Uncle David in staying out of doors if you could take a little interest in the lawn and flowers."

She cast a quick eye of delicate suspicion, bright and blue, at him; but his face had a pleasant reassurance.

"Yes," she murmured, "I had planned to dig up some ferns. Good-bye; now mind, we'll humor him by not telling him that I came. You see he'd think that I thought that he thought it more serious than he thinks it is with him!"

Morse was busy with other patients when Uncle David, puffing and weary, came up the stairs and in; but at length, the office being cleared, Appleton said, full of a kindly strategy: "Bob, I wanted to hear your opinion about her. She's been here this morning—ha, ha—you needn't conceal it, you know. It's an unselfish bit of fiction on her part; she doesn't want to worry me. You see, if she thought I knew she came, she would be afraid I thought she knew—I understood—hang it, it is mixed, you see; but she would be afraid, if I knew that she was consulting you about herself, that I'd think it worse than she thinks it is. Bob, she's the most thoughtful of women!"

"Her case is mild," said Morse, shrewdly. "I think the climate alone will cure her. The point is," and he laid his hand on his uncle's shoulder, "to keep her at light exercise out of doors. Get her inter-

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ested in the lawn, and the flowers, and things."

"Good," said Uncle David; "I'm on the right track, then. I have her started in a bed of ferns. You see—oh, I'm a clever old nag—you see, I led her into it by pitching into the roses myself."

"You have the idea," said Morse.

"I might take a little something for this cold while I'm here," said Uncle David.

"A little of this," said Morse.

"Thanks—change of climate, you know," Uncle David explained, breezily. "One will get a little—ah—tickling in the throat."

"The Pullman cars are draughty," assented Morse.

"Now, you won't mention, old man, that I can-sulted you about her? You see she'd think I was wor-ried. And then another thing; we'll have the little joke to ourselves, about her thinking that I don't know that she comes about herself, you know. I like to humor her in that, Bob."

The days of tender deceit, sacrificial dodging, went on; and the health of uncle and aunt improved. Their complicated affair was pronounced exasperatingly simple by Susanna, who even called them—(when she had seen Aunt Marian's cough leave a tiny scarlet stain on the lady's handkerchief, which caused the lady to slip into the kitchen and burn the tell-tale article with a lovely air of secrecy and happiness)—Susanna called them a pair of fools.

But Morse began to comprehend what a strain the little fictions were on both of his patients—how hard it was, after weeks, for Uncle David really to pretend to his wife that he did not know, and how lone-some it was to her to continue in this effort of not showing that she knew. So he resolved upon a little strategy of his own to cut the gentle tangle.

On a pleasant day in December, she for the hun-dredth time slipped into Morse's office, the same daintiness as of a girl in all her manner. Some faint bloom of increasing health was on her cheek.

"Robert, my dear," she said, "do you know, the climate is even benefiting me—who didn't need it!" She laughed a little over that. "I am much more sprightly, I assure you, when I climb the stairs. But, oh, the blessed thing about it is that David is indeed improving."

"I hope," said Morse, who had an intriguing eye to-day, "that you can make up your minds to stay."

She turned quite pale, but came bravely to it, and said: "That's what I wish to talk about, Robert. I

want to begin to persuade him now. And I wish you to inculcate it gradually into his mind. For truly I see that he must never return to Indiana."

"Good!" said Morse. "And then, of course, you're beginning to feel at home."

She caught eagerly at this.

"True," she said. "The people are so kind. Though, of course, his loneliness at first was—"

She broke abruptly off. There was a heavy tread upon the stairs, and the cough of one ascending. All at once she was in a gentle flutter, and the color fled from and to her face.

"It's David!" she cried.

"Here—quick," the doctor said; and almost as though he were a lover concealing his fair one in a bower, he led her to a large screen.

"Bob, old boy," said Uncle David, tramping in, a flush upon his face, "let's settle this matter and have done. I've made up my mind. Of course, I'm mighty lonesome at times, but really, now, she oughtn't to go back to Indiana. We'll begin to persuade her to stay."

"I've already begun," he said, "gently to hint." "You're beginning to feel—hm—a little more settled, Uncle David?"

"Well, there has been many a time," he said, "when homesickness would have carried me back, if I hadn't been doing it for her."

Again the doctor smiled. "Yes," he said, in the encouraging way that leads to reminiscence.

"You see," the older man continued, and laid his hand on his iron gray beard, "when first I found that I'd have to bring her here, I determined to make whatever sacrifice for her Providence might decree. And, Bob—I've done it gladly. Then, things are pleasant here; the people are hospitable, you know. And most of all," his eyes lighted up, "she's getting well. Why, I declare, the climate's even doing me good—me, who didn't need it! And as for her, Bob, old boy," he leaned forward and tapped the doctor's leg, "I'd go to the heart of China if it was best for her."

There was a little gurgle and a little cry beyond the screen; and then she came suddenly from behind it. She was a very picture of most beautiful bewilderment. Her lips were parted; her cheeks were alternately blanched and blushing. Before her breast she clasped her hands, and cried with passion-ate mixture of adoration and chagrin: "Oh, David!" From the doctor's office they walked home arm in

arm under the acacia and umbrella trees—the first time that they had walked thus, from Robert's office to their little California home, together. Uncle David wore a sheepish look, while her fair face was oddly flushed. But they did not speak.

They went in, where the roses, the ferns, the purple cataract of a bougainvillea vine made welcome at the cottage door. She put her arms around him; and she laid her cheek upon his breast.

"David," she murmured, "you didn't—you didn't do it all for me?"

"Why, Marian, it wasn't anything. You knew that I'd do anything on earth for you."

"But then," she faltered, "there wasn't anything—much—the matter with me."

He had a look of great relief.

"No, Marian, and what little there was is getting better, you know."

She was silent for a while.

"Oh, David," she said, "you made all that great sacrifice for me."

"Pish—it wasn't any more than you would have done for me," he replied.

Again she was still a long time. But her heart was rising to reveal itself. The woman in her could not bear to be unknown so long.

"David," she said.

"What is it, Marian?" said Uncle David.

"I think—I think you, too, didn't understand. I came just for you, too. You see, there wasn't any-thing—the matter—with me."

He stared down at her with blank astonishment. He fingered her hair.

"Why, Marian!—why, Marian!" He could say no more, but stood scrutinizing the past year, now il-luminated for him. "Marian," he said at last, "there wasn't anything much the matter with me."

"I know—I know—but, oh, I was so glad to come for it," she said.

After a long time he comprehended.

"To think—you made such a sacrifice for me."

"David," she said, smiling up, "we couldn't under-stand if we hadn't both made it alike, could we?"

"No," he said. "I seem to see it all different now, about staying. The place where you did all that for me," he gazed about, "I don't believe I could leave that place."

"So had I, too, begun to feel," she said. "It seems that sacrifice takes root!"

From the Argonaut.

NEW BOOKS

RADER'S HISTORY.

Perry S. Rader's revised edition of the text book, "Civil Government, of the United States and History of Missouri," has just made its appearance. It is from the press of the Tribune Printing Company of Jefferson City. The volume contains 599 pages of matter, including appendix and index. The history is intelligently and comprehensively compiled, is thoroughly impartial in the setting forth of the facts. The book has been in use in the schools of the State. But it is also useful as a reference work in any office or library. It is neatly bound and printed. The price per copy is 75 cents.

CAPT. MARRYATT'S WORKS.

Captain Marryatt's hold upon readers seems not to relapse with the coming and passing of new generations. John Lane has added to his New Pocket Library two of this popular novelist's famous books, "Mr. Midshipman Easy" and "Peter Simple." Both volumes carry an introduction by W. Clark Russell. The price is 75 cents net.

"MODERN COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE."

illustrated from works of a well-known architect with an introductory essay on cottage building, by Maurice B. Adams, F. R. I. B. A., has just issued from the press of John Lane of New York.

No satisfactory book on the architecture of modern cottages has appeared of late years, though all classes of cottage buildings have undergone considerable improvement during the past decade or two, and the evolution of the popular week-end cottage has come about in the meantime. This volume, edited by Maurice B. Adams, presents by plans and views a series of examples of the older and later styles of cottages. There are fifty plates in all, reproduced from the architects' drawings, giving, in each case, plan and elevation sketch. These designs are the work in every instance of architects of note at the present moment, and were used to build from. Mr. Adams contributes an introductory

series of notes on the practical aspects of the problem, such as the use of local materials, the choice of site, sanitary arrangement, and water supply, ventilation, and so forth. The price per volume is \$4.50 net.

"THE LADDER OF SWORDS."

"The Ladder of Swords," by Sir Gilbert Parker, if compared with the author's notable and widely read "The Right of Way," may suffer some depreciation in the reader's eyes, but it cannot be denied that on the whole it is a pleasant tale, most entertainingly told. Wherein the book seems lacking is the failure of the author to draw the characters of *Lempriere* and *Buonespoir*, especially the former, in a more humorous vein. The story revolves about two fugitive Huguenot lovers, *De la Fert* and *Angele Aubert*, who have escaped France and the St. Bartholomew massacre and landed on the British Isle of Jersey. Catherine da Medici's minions pursue them and cause their arrest by Queen Elizabeth's command. The lovers might have been deported post haste but for *Lempriere*, who had learned to love the Huguenot girl, and, as a suitor, had been rejected by her. *Lempriere* was butler in the English Queen's service and a powerful man in Jersey. He was a man of the same kidney as Falstaff, a great eater, a greater drinker, proud of his position and a "warrior" bold. He puts off to the Queen's castle to intercede for *De la Fert* and *Angele*, and while Elizabeth is weighing the case the Huguenot lovers are held captives about the castle. They soon manage to gain the Queen's favor, the man by his skill in jousts, and the girl by saving her majesty's life. After some interesting intrigues inspired to cause their return to France, the two lovers eventually receive the Queen's blessing and are wed. *Lempriere*, the man of many parts from Jersey, also renews the friendship of the Queen and incidentally secures from her the pardon of *Buonespoir*, who had been a notorious pirate on the high seas, but who gallantly served as a confederate of the religious young *Angele* in bringing her lover safely from France. Other characters in the story do not possess much importance save perhaps *Dudley*, the Earl of Leicester, who is in love with Elizabeth and becoming jealous of her attentions to the two Huguenots, sets himself against *Angele* and *De la Fert*. In this he is foiled by *Lempriere* and is banished by the Queen. The volume is from the press of Harper Brothers, publishers, of New York.

A visitor to a museum reports that he saw a countryman standing before the bust of a woman in a collection of statuary. The woman was represented in the act of coiling her hair, and as the visitor came up the countryman was saying to himself: "No, sir; that ain't true to nature. She ain't got her mouth full o' hairpins."—*Tit-Bits*.

Two telegrams recently passed between *De Wolf Hopper* in New York and a race-track friend in Chicago, following whose advice the comedian had placed \$20 on a horse that had promptly

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fallen over a hurdle and broken two legs. This was one:

"De Wolf Hopper, New York:

"Put \$40 on General Mike. Sure thing. Billy."

This was the other:

"William Blank, Chicago:

"At \$10 a leg would mean that he'd break all four. Next time I bet it will be on a centipede race.

"De Wolf Hopper."

OVERLOOKING NO BETS.

The editor of the *Janesville* (Wis.) *Era*, has this to say of the marriage of a good advertiser: "Miss Jennie Jones and Bob Henry were married at the Jones mansion last night. The bride is the daughter of our constable, Jones, who made a good officer, and will undoubtedly be re-elected in the spring. He offers a fine horse for sale in another column. The groom runs a grocery store on Main street, and is a good patron of our advertisement columns, and has had a good line of bargains this week. All summer he paid two cents more for butter than any other store in

town. The happy couple left on the 10 o'clock train for Milwaukee to visit the bride's uncle, who is reported to have lots of money and Bright's disease. Bob certainly has an eye for business."

First Physician—"So the operation was just in the nick of time?" *Second Physician*—"Yes, in another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

The Civic Improvement League has closed its School Garden Class by awarding 25 different prizes to the 250 boys and girls who attended the classes during the summer. This was the first attempt in St. Louis to bring the country into the city. The League, through the co-operation of a great many philanthropic citizens conceived the idea of giving the children of the city free instruction in how to raise vegetables, flowers and plants of all kinds on vacant property, Tower Grove and Shaw avenue, the free use of which was donated by the Missouri Botanical Garden Trustees. The League employed competent instructors and had the children come at convenient hours during the entire summer and receive instructions in gardening. It has proven one of the most successful undertakings the League has ever attempted, in fact it has been so successful that the Committee is at present contemplating the securing of several vacant lots in the crowded districts about town, fencing them in, organizing the children under competent instructors and giving to them free instruction in plant and vegetable cultivation. The League has several objects in view in doing this. First, to direct some of the surplus energy of the children of the city, that would otherwise run to waste, into channels that will tend to develop in them manliness, respect for the rights of others, industry and thrift. Second, to show how small areas of land in the back yard at home or on vacant lots which may be leased, may be made to produce an abundance of fresh, crisp vegetables for the family. Third, to teach how to grow flowers so that the home of each pupil may have bouquets of cut flowers during the growing season. Fourth, to develop such a knowledge of and interest in plants and their habits as shall be a direct aid in making St. Louis a more beautiful city.

The Committee has found by actual experience that the work develops a better boy than any other plan that was ever devised. Even though the seeds, tools and instruction are furnished them free, the boys soon appreciate the fact that they get nothing unless they are diligent in cultivating and caring for the growing crops.

Ten of the boys who attended last year made perfect records being on time at roll call, always in attendance, always did their work well and behaved well.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT TEACHERS.

Misses Ruth G. Espenschied, Nellie Lutz and Gertrude Phillips constituted the Visiting Committee of the Civic Improvement League in connection with the Boys' and Girls' Garden Classes which the League operated during the past summer at Tower Grove and Shaw avenues. During the entire summer these young ladies, accompanied by their friends, visited the gardens while the children were at work and encouraged them in their undertaking. The children were so enthusiastic over the attention the committee showed them, that every time one of them visited the gardens she was given a large bouquet by the children who were proud of their ability to raise verbenas, bachelor's buttons, nasturtiums, sweet alyssum, petunias, etc.

Two sturdy sons of Erin met recently and began talking politics. Said one: "Well, Dinny, I suppose you'll vote for Parker this fall." "I won't," replied the other. "Yer not goin' to be a turn-coat and vote for Roosevelt, are you?" "I'm not," said Dennis, "but I think I'll vote for Debs. He's a Terry Hut man, an' besides I've been hearin' a lot about this thing av Sociulism, an' begor I think it's more nor half right." "Oh, ye do, do ye?" replied Democratic Tim. "Well, tell me, Dinny, avic phwat is there ye loike so much about the doctrine?" "Well," replied his friend, "I don't think it's roight or proper that Rockefeller and the loike, 'd have so much money an' property, an' the rest av us be as poor as we are." "That sounds noice," says Tim, "but tell me, Dinny, av you had \$50,000, would you give me the half av it?" "I would, an' glad to do it." "If you had a farm of sixty acres, would you give me half o' that?" "I would. Sure, thirty acres'd be a lot o' land for aich av us." "Aye," said Tim, musingly, "but if you had a team of foine black horses, could I have wan o' thim?" "Faith you could, an' welcome; for wan horse'd be plinty for me to get along wid." "Now, Dinny, lavin' all jokes aside, if you had two pigs, would you make me a presint av wan av 'em?" "Oh, go to the devil, Tim Flaherty," quickly replied Dennis, "it's well you know I have the pigs."

An incident related by Admiral Schley in his new volume of reminiscences contains a dreadful warning to all who write an illegible hand. At Nicaragua, in 1864, he was surprised to find a man of the American minister's

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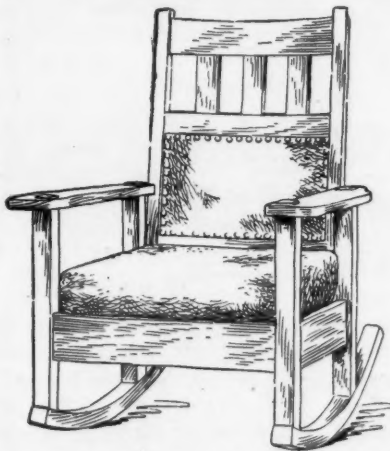


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tastes and talents assigned to a post so little to his liking. The minister explained how it was. "I wrote my friend Mr. Lincoln," he said, "asking him for the position of Marshal of Nebraska, but I wrote such a devilish bad hand that he read it 'Minister to Nicaragua.' So here I am."

"It's pretty hard to be worried by a lot of debts you can't pay." "Nonsense! That's nothing to being worried by a lot of debts you simply have to pay."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Teacher—"I suppose you know, Harry, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you?" Harry—"Yes, m'm; that's why I don't mind it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Brute: She—"You told me when we were married that you were well off." He—"I was, but I didn't know it."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Have you named the baby?" "Yass, indeed," answered the colored woman;

After the theater, before the matinee, or when down town shopping

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has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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Large, cool rooms, with private baths; convenient for shopping; excellent home table. Refined parties desired. References exchanged.

Schoen's Orchestra

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"we done named him Roosevelt Parker Simpson. Aftuh while we kin change de 'Roosevelt to 'Rastus' or de 'Parker' to 'Primrose,' 'cordin' to how de 'lection goes."—*Washington Star.*

DRAMATIC

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT COMING.

"The Sultan of Sulu" appears to have lost none of its original popularity with the St. Louis theatre goers, judging from the well-filled houses at the Century. Whether or not George Ade's "County Chairman", which is still fresh in the memory of Century patrons, took the vim out of the author's best work in the "Sultan of Sulu" can only be surmised, but certain it is the heretofore laugh-provoking sayings of this music-comedy do not seem to attract as much attention as the music and the singing. However, on the whole, the performance has been enjoyed. Among the popular features is the rather winsome chorus, in which several sweet voices are easily discernible in the ensemble numbers. Miss Maud Williams, a former Delmar Garden favorite, as *Henrietta Budd*, George O'Donnell as *Col. Budd*; Walter Lawrence and Fred Frear are the really popular members of the company which on the whole is about evenly balanced as to talent. The only disappointment seems to be in Mr. Whiffen's portrayal of *Ki-Ram*, wherein he undoubtedly suffers much by comparison with the inimitable Frank Moulan, with whose Sultan St. Louis theatre goers are more familiar.

Commencing Sunday, October 2, next week, Chauncey Olcott in a new play will be the attraction at the Century. If the vehicle is all that it should be the public need have no misgivings as to the quality of Mr. Olcott's entertainment. The title of the piece is "A Romance of Athlone."

"BEN HUR" COMES NEXT.

"Mother Goose", the great spectacle that has amazed and pleased the Olym-



Before the temperature drops down you want to "drop up" here. Don't think you can safely delay it.

Moreover, it's the early order in any busy tailoring establishment that naturally gets that little something of extra attention that can't be lavished on the suit when the tailoring force is working right up to the limit. Again, it's more satisfactory to choose from the fall stock before many discriminating buyers have picked their favorite fabrics from it.

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pic audiences for several weeks, will close its engagement here at the end of the present week. The show has made a record at the Olympic in point of attendance, but large as has been the business during its run, even greater success is expected of that well known Biblical piece, "Ben Hur", which opens for an indefinite stay at the Olympic on Sunday, October 2. This great Biblical drama of the time of Christ is to be put on under the Klaw & Erlanger management, the same that controls "Mother Goose". The piece has never yet left the large city circuit, but the familiarity of the general public with the story, is sufficient to assure immense attendance now that many visitors from smaller cities and rural sections are flocking here to see the Fair. "Ben Hur" is a remarkable production. It combines spectacular excellence with genuine acting without the usual jarring effect of such a mixture. The great thriller of the piece is the chariot race, most realistically presented with eight real horses galloping on the equine "tread mill" improvised by the stage geniuses. Sale of seats for the show commences to-day, Thursday.

AT MUSIC HALL.

Exposition Music Hall is quite large, but since the Hayes "Louisiana" has been put on there the big hall has been filled several times. The removal of the attraction to its present central location made it accessible to thousands who had been unable heretofore to view it. And it is also attracting a share of the incoming World's Fair crowds. The production itself goes as smoothly as ever and the addition of lyrics gives it a newness which always enhances its magnetism. "Down on the Gasconade", the ballad about Missouri's most popular Nimrods' nook and the "Sweet Dakotah Maid" always find favor with the audiences. This week Mr. Hill as *Uncle Sam* will sing a new song, "The Farmer's Wife", which is heralded as a sure hit.

WILLIAMS AND WALKER.

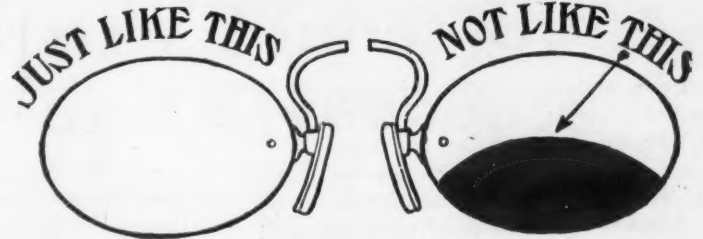
The Williams and Walker Company of genuine negro entertainers in their clever piece "In Dahomey" have been doing magnificent business at the Grand Opera House. They will be the attraction there the remainder of this week and next. There is plenty of variety in the show and the company is a good one in every respect. There is fun galore and good singing and dancing. Williams and Walker are really clever and their wives possess no mean share of talent. Mrs. Walker's song in which she has never yet failed to score: "Why Adam Sinned" is very cleverly rendered.

THE IMPERIAL.

At the Imperial "The Darling of the Gods" still holds sway, crowded houses being the rule at each performance. The report that Miss Bates was to be married to a wealthy Californian seemed to excite considerable interest among the patrons of the piece. But Miss Bates was not at all perturbed. She said there was

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Academy of Department and Dancing reopens first Wednesday in Oct. at 2200 St. Louis Ave.
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no truth in the story; in fact, there could not be very much since she is under contract not to wed, during her engagement with Mr. Belasco's show.

KIRALFY'S BIG SHOW.

Bolossy Kiralfy is now reaping the reward of merit. At every performance of his great spectacle "Louisiana" at the Odeon the house is filled to the back row with appreciative audiences. The public has Mr. Kiralfy's word for it that "Louisiana" is his best work, and so well does he think of it, that he is even now planning a tour of the principal cities with the great spectacle and the present company. It is somewhat of

a coincident that Mr. Kiralfy and his brother Imry should at the same time, rise again to prominence in the spectacle producing world, after a period in which they remained inactive. While Bolossy's "Louisiana" has been winning him fame and fortune, Imry has been achieving similar success with a monster production at the famous Earl's Court in London. This no doubt signifies that the name of Kiralfy, which was once synonymous with big entertainment enterprises, will again become famous in the theatrical world.

THE STANDARD'S BILL.

"The Kentucky Belles", presenting a

decidedly clever bill, and an opening extravaganza which is highly pleasing to the patrons, has been doing great business at the Standard this week. Allen and Hamilton's acrobatic turn is one of the specialty hits. Next week the Standard patrons will find plenty of entertainment in Al Reeves' Beauty Show.



A BOTTLE IS NOTHING

"Of course, you always take a bottle with you on a fishing trip?" said the northern visitor.

"A bottle, suh?" demanded the Kentuckian. "What foh, suh?"

"Oh, come now! You don't mean to say you'd go fishing without whiskey—"

"We take a jug, suh."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



He—"Like all young men, I have my faults." She—"Yes, but they are so insignificant that no self-respecting girl would feel justified in marrying you to reform you."—*Illustrated Bits.*



"Tourem says it only takes a cent to run his auto a mile." "I always wondered what the scent was for."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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receipt of price.

French National Mint,
ART GALLERIES (World's Fair.)

OLD TIME EXTRAVAGANCES.

We hear a great deal about the luxury and extravagance of the age, but, when you think of it, a great many of our most reckless fashions date from past centuries. In the Fifteenth century, for instance, the feminine wardrobe was magnificent, with its garmets weighed down with laces and embroideries in guipure, points coupes, Milanese and Venetian, not forgetting the gold embroideries, worked with precious stones, etc., etc.

For several centuries women wore white shoes in kid and ordinary leather, as well as dainty chausseres in embroidered satin, for dancing the pavane and minuet in. The white kid shoes now being worn are delightfully supple and durable, and clean satisfactorily.

In the time of Louis XIV the women wore most sumptuous lingerie and desous made chiefly of what used to be called *les dentelles d'ete*, a kind of silk blonde lace with a cord in it, which used to be mounted over colors for the petticoats, and was also worn for the hanging sleeves which used to show the arms so prettily.—*Paris Fashions.*



A young married man, in a great state of excitement, flew to the telegraph office of his town and wired his wife's relatives a happening as follows: "Twins to-day, more to-morrow. Ship at once several pairs of Swope's shoes; store 311 N. Broadway."



A BIG MAGNET AT THE FAIR.

Three performances daily of the great Boer-British war hardly suffice to satiate the public appetite for this popular production. At every performance the seating capacity is tested and many have to be content with standing room. The first show is given at 1 p. m. and the others at 3:30 and 7:30 p. m. This spectacle is about the first the immense crowds that wend their way to the Fair these days wish to see. After they have had their fill of the most realistic war scenes in the three big battles of the Boer war, they are then content to turn to the achievements of peace. The Boer-British War arena is situated just south of the Ferris Wheel. It is not on the Pike, but is a Pike in itself. The admission prices are 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.



When Wicker, the Chicago pitcher was a young fellow pitching on a college team in the South, a preacher uncle of his went out to see him pitch a game. "What are those preliminary signs that the catcher is making?" he asked. "He is signing Wicker the sort of curve he wants him to throw," volunteered a bystander. "Do you mean to say, sir, that he and my nephew are conniving together to deceive the batter?" "You might put it that way, I suppose." "And this is a Christian college," sighed the Rev. Mr. Wicker.



"The widow," said I. W. Read, of Nashville, "furnishes the most delightful study to the observer of the tricks and manners of human beings. One summer," he continued, "I was spend-

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ing some time at White Sulphur Springs, Va., and one afternoon a handsome young woman and her six-year-old son sat near me on the veranda. The little fellow trotted up to me, and I patted him on the head. "What's your name?" he asked. I told him. "Is you married?" he lisped. "No, I'm not," I

replied. Then the child paused a moment, and, turning to his mother, said, "Mamma, what else did you tell me to ask him?"



Through sleeping cars to Denver, via Union Pacific. Tickets and reservations at 903 Olive street.

MUSIC.

AT THE EXPOSITION.

The music season at the World's Fair is in full swing, and Festival Hill is the busiest spot in the grounds these days. What, with Guilment, the world's most famous organist, presiding daily at the world's greatest organ, the magnificent Exposition orchestra in classical, and in popular programmes weekly, and the world famed French, and the English bands playing every day, the "Bureau of Music" is certainly providing a bountiful musical feast, and the World's Fair visitor can have his music served in any style, and be certain that he is getting the best of its kind.

The orchestra has never done more satisfactory work than at the sixteenth Symphony Concert, given Friday afternoon. The great Brahms symphony, No. 2, was the feature of the programme, and the rendition of the colossal work was inspiring. Mr. Ernst worked enthusiastically, and the musicians were duly appreciative.

At this concert, Mrs. Adele Baldwin, of New York, direct from a triumphant season in London, was the soloist. Mrs. Baldwin, in addition to a Massenet aria, sung with orchestral aid, was heard in a group of songs consisting of E. R. Kroeger's "Bend Low O Dusky Night," a dramatic song by Alexis Hollaender, and Tchaikowsky's "Pilgrim." Mr. Kroe-

ger's excellent song is familiar, but the Hollaender song is unknown here, and Tchaikowsky's song has probably never been sung in this city. This rare singer may always be depended upon for an unhackneyed and interesting programme, and her interpretation of the songs selected is invariably impressive to a degree. Mrs. Baldwin's singing is absolutely devoid of artifice, she is serious, musicianly, and all her effects are purely legitimate. Exceptional temperamental gifts, unflinching good taste, and finished technique, combine to make the deep-toned contralto's work a delight. Mrs. Baldwin is altogether the most satisfactory of the many vocalists who have been heard at the World's Fair concerts.

The seventeenth Symphony Concert, to be given Friday evening, will be under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony, a surpassingly beautiful work, will be the feature of the programme.



BEETHOVEN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The fall term of this well known musical institution began its thirty-third season September 1st, with an enrollment of scholars from all parts of the United States. The Beethoven Conservatory has produced a greater number of excellent pupils and artists than any other musical institution in the West. It employs a large faculty, many of whom enjoy an international reputation. At the Graduating Concert given annually, the efficiency and thoroughness of this school is proven beyond doubt, and has been the means of other musical institutions not only in this city, but other cities, engaging the talent that has developed in the Beethoven Conservatory. All branches of music are taught, and so great has been the success of this institution, that they will in the near future move into one of the largest and handsomest buildings devoted to this purpose in the country. The present location of the Beethoven Conservatory is at 2301 Locust street, where very handsomely illustrated catalogues can be had free on application by addressing the Brothers Epstein, directors.



"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Arapahoe (Okla.) lawyer, "what kind of swearing has been done in this case? Here we have a physician, a man who from his high calling should scorn to tell an untruth. But what did he testify, gentlemen? I put the question before him plainly, 'Where was he stabbed?' Unblushingly, his features as cool and placid as marble, he replied that he was stabbed an inch and a half to the left of the medial line and an inch above the umbilicus. And yet, gentlemen, we have proved by three unimpeachable witnesses that he was stabbed just below the railroad station."—*Law Journal*.



Rabbi Hirsh, of Chicago, was riding in a crowded street-car, and rose to surrender his seat to a lady. Before she could take it a young man plumped himself into it. The rabbi looked at

him in disgusted silence. "What's the like to eat me." "I am forbidden to matter?" demanded the man; "what yeh eat you," answered the rabbi; "I am glarin' at me for? Yeh look as if yeh'd a Jew."

Two Ways OF DOING THINGS

"We made as good a piano as we knew how, and then decided how reasonably we could sell it."
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That is the old-fashioned way, but a 20th century trust promoter would take another tack—he would find out how much the public would pay, and would then decide upon the kind of piano to give it.



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A JOE JEFFERSON STORY

While playing "Rip Van Winkle" in Missouri, Joseph Jefferson one afternoon boarded a train on a notoriously slow railroad for St. Joseph. He went into the sleeping car, but did not expect to go to bed, as the train was due to arrive late in the evening. It dawdled along, however, and seeing that it would be toward morning before it reached its destination he ordered his berth made up and prepared to turn in. As the porter finished his labors on it Jefferson said: "This is the worst road I ever traveled on. I guess I'm in for a full night of it." "Deed, I reckon you is, sah," commented the porter. "Positively the slowest road!" continued the actor. "It'll be morning before we arrive. Do you think we'll get in before I'm awake?" "Mighty slow road, sah. Bound to be plumb morning, sah. But one of the passengers, sah, was a-tellin' me that you's the gentleman what once went to sleep and slep' twenty years, and I reckon, sah, dat if you take one o' dem naps we'll be able to land you mighty close to St. Joe 'fore you wake, sah."



One of the most active delegates to the convention of the National Business Men's League of negroes, held recently in Indianapolis, was Isaiah F. Montgomery, of Mound Bayou, Miss. Montgomery was born a slave, but now is the owner of the plantation once the property of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy. Montgomery and his brothers were the property of Joseph Davis, brother of the leader of the Confederacy. The plantation passed into the hands of Joseph Davis and was placed in charge of Montgomery and his brothers. Later Montgomery obtained complete control of the land. Montgomery is now an old man and is a typical representative of the African

race. His wealth is estimated at \$200,000. He employs 150 men.



SUSPENDED PUBLICATION

Very good feeling prevails between some Hungarian newspapers and their readers, as witness the following notice, published a few days ago in the local paper of a small town of the Magyars: "A Christening.—This paper was not published yesterday for the following reason: It is a matter of common knowledge that our editor has become the happy father of a fine boy. On Sunday evening he was christened Julius. On the same evening our dear responsible editor gave an evening party, as the result of which our assistant editor and staff were rendered unfit for duty. This is of course well known to our constant readers, all of whom were present at the memorable ceremony of the christening. In any case, however, we wish to place the matter fully before our readers, and to ask them to forget the incident.—The Editorial Department."



Burton Holmes, the lecturer, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men and canned goods as so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen can meats, fruits and vegetables are found. When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska recently he carried with him a phonograph, and it was exhibited to an old chief who had never seen a talking machine before. When the machine was started and the sound of a human voice came from the trumpet the Indian was much interested. He listened gravely for a time, then approached and peered into the trumpet. When the machine finished its cylinder and stopped, the Indian pointed at it, smiled an expansive smile, and remarked: "Huh! Him canned white man."



As an illustration of carrying military discipline too far this story is told by General N. A. Miles: "There was a certain Colonel who, in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all the men change their shirts at once. "This order was duly carried out except in the case of one company where the privates' wardrobes had been pitifully depleted. The captain of this company was informed that none of his men could change their shirts, since they had only one apiece. The Colonel hesitated a moment, and said firmly: "Orders must be obeyed. Let the men change shirts with each other."



Counsel: "The judge says that the last time you were here he told you he never wanted you to come before him again."

Prisoner: "Yes, sir, but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."



Local Oracle—"Know t' Dook o' Blankshire? Ay, I dare say I knows 'im better than any one in these parts. Woy, my darter married one o' 'is stable 'ands."—Scraps.



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It is endorsed and prescribed by the best doctors. The ideal food-drink, invigorating, sustaining, NOT intoxicating. It contains 14.60% genuine nutritive extract and less than 2% of alcohol.

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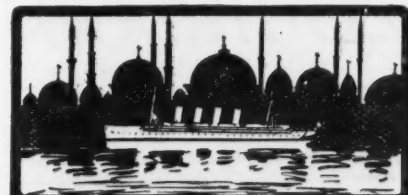
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GLORY QUAYLE

THE SLOWEST LAUNDRY Notice to Patrons of Parrish's Laundry.

Please have your linen ready for our drivers on the day of their regular calls. This will help us to get it back to you on time and give us more time to do the work right. Our drivers are not allowed to wait for linen which is not ready and cannot always go back for it the next day. We cannot return linen received after Wednesday until Tuesday the following week.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry

CORPORATION.

DINKS L. PARRISH, President.
J. ARTHUR ANDERSON, Vice-Prest. and Gen'l Mgr.

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NOT IN A TRUST.

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DELMAR JOCKEY CLUB

Six Races Daily, Beginning
2:30 p. m.

ADMISSION—
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\$1.00



Agnes—"Arthur, I smell liquor on your breath." Arthur—"That's just like you, Agnes. What you ought to smell is mint."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Nell—"How do you like my new photograph?" Bell—"Lovely! I never should have known it was you."—Somerville Journal.

SOME GARTER SUPESTITIONS.

Nowadays garters are generally ousted from favor by the more hygienic suspenders, but many superstitions about them still survive. Here are a few:

The marriage of a bride who wears any but white garters on her wedding day will have an unhappy ending.

The girl who wears her garters below the knee will early lose her beauty.

To put on the left garter before the right on dressing in the morning will bring bad luck all day.

Gold garter buckles are "lucky," and silver ones the reverse.

The luckiest colors for garters are white, blue and black. The wearer of the yellow garters will lose a friend within a year.

If a garter breaks in church the wearer's marriage will be happy, but if the accident happens at a dance, it is a sign that the wearer's sweetheart is faithless to her.



AT THE TYROLEAN ALPS

Carl Komzak and Max Bendix alternately directing the immense orchestra at the Tyrolean Alps concession on the Pike, produce results which reveal their characteristics as conductors of music organizations. Although essentially different perhaps in their methods the class of music has not deteriorated in any respect since they have have been brought together to lead the Alps orchestra. The musical tastes of both are quite similar, and the concerts are always of exceptional quality, no matter which is wielding the baton. The music at the Alps has been a great drawing card. It is the kind the people generally like. The mountain slide, the scenic railway which traverses the Alps, the Passion Play and the many other features of the concession always please the Fair visitor. The restaurant is nearly always crowded, for the Fair visitors have learned the value of eating at this perfectly arranged cafe. Monthly and weekly season tickets are still for sale at \$2 and \$1 respectively, and besides daily passes good between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. are being issued.



One of the most important features in the Art Galleries at the World's Fair is without exception the display of the French National Mint. That famous institution, which has acquired in the centuries a world-wide reputation for the perfection of its work of stamping, has sent to St. Louis a magnificent collection of historic commemorative medals commencing with the Fifteenth Century down to the events of to-day, the latest being the celebration of the Louisiana Purchase for which two medals have been issued in a limited edition which will appeal to all art lovers.



Sylvester R. Burch, chief clerk of the Department of Agriculture, comes from Kansas. A Kansas farmer called on Mr. Burch in Washington, and all the farming marvels of the Department were shown to him. He was silent. He seemed impressed. "I tell you what it is, sir," said Mr. Burch, enthusiastically,

BOER WAR

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DIRECTION OF
FRANK E. FILLIS.

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700 Boer and British Veterans, Reproducing Three Famous
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1:30, 3:30 AND 7:30.

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Last Matinee Saturday.
Last Performance
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NEXT MONDAY,
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BEN HUR
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ODD WARDROBE AT AUCTION

The accounts in the London papers of the auction of the (not late) Marquis de Anglesy's wardrobe, to which we adverted editorially last week, are most amusing. Many things, it appears, went at stiff prices, so eager was the public to acquire some of the outrageously extravagant costumes. "Every one agreed that it was the most wonderful collection of personal clothing ever sold," says the *Daily Mail*, in summing up the last day's sales, and adds. "The sale opened with a somewhat sensational duel between the London 'ring' (of dealers) and a Bangor broker for the possession of a sky-blue silk bath-gown. Ladies murmured that it was very pretty and thought they would go to a guinea for it, but in a sharp volley of ten-shilling bids the price rose to £8 10s, at which the Bangor man was content to stop. 'Upon my word and honor,' said Mr. Dew, the auctioneer, in good spirits at such a start, 'you must want a bath very much.' There were two similar bath-gowns, one in heliotrope and one in red, and they were only acquired by the London 'ring' for £10 each. This was an excellent start, but after twenty-seven simple towel bath-gowns in beautiful shades had gone for prices ranging from £1 to £2 10s, or rather more than their first value, something like gravity fell upon the gathering. The auctioneer forgot to crack jokes, the ladies were silent, and the men bid seriously. All seemed hypnotized by the long procession of silken dressing-gowns which passed in parade before them. That one man could collect a hundred such beautiful creations seemed almost appalling, even after two days spent with other equally costly personal clothing. The artistic handwork on some must have taken months to complete, and the earth had been ransacked for dyes and fabrics for the making of unique gowns. Many seemed too startling and outlandish for use off the stage, but others were artistic harmonies in quietly rich silks. A heliotrope silk gown, lined with expensive gray squirrel, sold for £27, and three of Charvet's confections, which cost thirty guineas each, realized £22, £20, and £18. There followed two bardic cloaks in crimson and green silk, made for the marquis when he was chaired at the Bangor Eisteddfod, and at £5 10s and £3 15s they were probably the cheapest things sold. The rage of bidding and the desire to secure souvenirs of a remarkable auction led both sexes to give outrageous prices for sachets, pyjama cases, and other little appurtenances of the toilet. Silk braces brought a sovereign apiece, and eight pairs of sock suspenders went to a lady for 18s."

An Eastern college professor, who was going to test the power of laughing gas upon some of his pupils, overheard one of them saying that, as the gas rendered one irresponsible for what he said, he was going take advantage of that fact when it was administered to him, and give his plain opinion of the professor. After the class assembled, the professor quietly announced that, for the purpose of illustration, he would

like to administer gas to some member. The scheming student volunteered, and the leather bag was connected with his mouth. He soon showed evidence of much excitement, and began to express his opinion of the professor in language punctuated by much profanity. Having allowed him to proceed for some little time, the professor then said that he needn't be so irresponsible, for the gas had not yet been turned on!

WHO PAYS?

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Who is it that pays
For the words that are uttered in careless jest,
For the vows that are soon forgotten,
For happiness stirring some vagrant breast,
For the slight of the lips that were once caressed,
For the unfulfilled hopes and the sad delays?
Some one pays!

Who is it that pays
For the faith that is held at the joyous start
Of a love that is quickly ended?
Who dreams that the debt of a truant heart
Will not have to be met, in its smallest part,
Will but find that whenever the piper plays
Some one pays.

Who is it that pays
For the glitter and sparkle of Vanity Fair,
For the pomp and the vulgar showing?
One half of the world must their muscles bare
That a few of the favored may feel no care—
For their languorous nights and their useless days
Some one pays.

Who is it that pays
When the frightened hills echo a battle cry
And strange dew on the grass is shining?
A trumpet of death is a monarch's sigh,
But new subjects are born while the old ones die.
Be it he who is slain or the one who slays,
Some one pays.

Hicks—How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day.
Wicks—Well, I always have. But it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish.—*Somerville Journal*.

"I suppose you have made it a rule in politics never to forget a friend?"
"There's no danger of that," answered the statesman; "if a man has done anything friendly for you in politics he never lets you forget it."—*Ex.*

She—How is it that widows generally manage to marry again? He—Because dead men tell no tales.—*Ally Sloper*.



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TELEPHONE GAB SHUT OFF

There are prospects for amusement and vexation, as well as utility, in a remarkable device for improving the telephone service which is just now attracting the attention of electricians and telephone companies. Heretofore the telephone has been deficient from a business viewpoint, in that no record has been kept of the conversations over the wires, but the new and simple device not only keeps an accurate record of all that passes through the 'phone, but also repeats the words registered whenever any one cares to hear them.

The advantages of this to the business man are obvious so long as he merely transacts business over the wire, but should he talk in lighter vein in answer to a gentle voice there will be no "Central" to keep mum, but a record that will pour the whole story into a suspicious wife's ear whenever she touches the button.

After twelve years of experiment and study, Elias E. Ries, electrician and inventor, of 116 Nassau street, says he has completed and patented a device by which all messages sent by telephone may be recorded on a magnetized wire and repeated at the option of the person at the receiving end of the wire. Messages, too, may be sent at night to the butcher, the grocer or the baker and piled up on his wire spool, so that when he comes in the morning he will have a list of the articles which the housewives have remembered in the evening that their larders lack.

On the other hand, it will be impossible for the busy man who was to have called his wife on the telephone and made an engagement with her to go to the theater and who forgot all about it, to tell her when he gets home that he tried to call her and no one would answer the 'phone. To test his truthfulness she need only go to the instrument, turn a switch and hear whether any one rang up the house at the hour at which he said he had called.

One other thing about Ries' system is that "Central" cannot break in to hear or interrupt a message. Her whole duty will be to give the connection desired and to break it when the signal is given that the conversation is ended, and the signal cannot be given until

both persons have laid down their receivers.

Before Dr. Poulsen, the Danish inventor, took out patents on his telephone recorder several years ago Ries had developed a recording system. His appliances then were bought by Poulsen's attorneys. Now, however, he has made so many changes and improvements that he has taken out patents on them himself. There being no stylus or point which is vibrated by being dragged over minute indentations in wax, the metallic sound inseparable from the ordinary phonograph is entirely lacking in the new recorder. Then, too, since a coil of wire may be made almost endless, there is practically no limit to the length of a message or to the number that can be taken.

The wire is wrapped on different spools, which are used in order, so that any part of the record may be reached and repeated with little trouble. As applied to the stock ticker, for which Ries has made it available, too, the machine can be made to repeat the news of any earlier hour in the day at the time it is taking new messages.

"The principle is extremely simple," said Ries yesterday, "although it has not been used before in telephony. The wire, magnetized, passes under an electric pole. The voice vibrations are changed into electric vibrations as in the ordinary telephone. These passing through the electric point to the magnetized wire, leave their impression there. When the wire is run again under another electric pole the vibrations are transmitted back from the magnetized wire, whose vibrations in turn are transmitted to a diaphragm which sets the air vibrating exactly as it vibrated when the message was sent."

These records may be filed away and kept for an indefinite length of time, or they may be destroyed by demagnetizing the wire. It is even possible they might be produced in a divorce court if the aggrieved person in the suit could find that part of the wire which contained the tell tale messages.

Speaking of the present telephone systems, he said that from a scientific viewpoint, they were "barbarous and primitive." Not more than 25 per cent. of the time spent at a telephone, he said, was used in transmitting the messages. The other was wasted by the office boy in talking to the office boy at the other end of the wire, by the girl at "Central," who was unable always to know when the other persons have finished talking and so permitted the trunk lines to remain open. By his system the taking up of the receiver signals "Central" and at the same time answers if the signal has been given to her, and the laying down of both receivers shows her immediately the lines are out of use, making it impossible for one man, by carelessness, to leave his signal light burning, as at present. He says by this saving of time he can give a two-cent rate in the place of the present cost, and still make money.

He has also a transmitter which does not depend upon the loudness of the voice for the strength of its vibration, but upon the electric current, which makes all parts of the message equally

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THE INDIAN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

It is one of the oldest customs of the Sioux Indians that the son-in-law shall not look upon the face of his mother-in-law, or communicate with her any more than is absolutely necessary. This custom is probably the outgrowth of family brawls arising from their crude way of living, huddled together in huts and tepees. At all events the plan seems to work well.

When, in case of sickness, or by invitation from her daughter, the mother-in-law visits the family of her son-in-law, a partition is usually made in the hut or tepee of a blanket, behind which the mother-in-law retires whenever the son-in-law approaches the house.

In the case of John Night Pipe, a young bridegroom living in Ten Horn's camp on the reserve, the invisible mother-in-law was a source of great disturbance. Although he never beheld her person, the sound of her scolding voice easily penetrated the blanket wall. John made several fruitless efforts to dislodge his mother-in-law and send her to her home on the other part of the reserve, but without avail. He finally decided to appeal to the Indian agent for relief. This is his letter:

"My Dear Respectable Friend—I have a few words to say to you and they are that I am sorry to myself. It is an old woman that makes me very sorry every day because she talks with bad, bad words always to me, and never gets rested with her tongue, and I hate this kind of business, the bad words I mean, holding them always with her tongue that way.

"Now, if you will sending your policeman to take this woman to her camp, I will be your truly friend with a good heart, sir, and we will living happy again. Now this is all and this is me.

"Your acquaintance friend,

"MR. JOHN NIGHT PIPE."

The letter proved effective. The disturbing mother-in-law was sent to her home in Black Moon's Camp, and the young people were left in possession of an undivided tepee.

The story, which comes direct from an Indian agency in Dakota, proves that

the mother-in-law joke is not wholly the fabrication of the comic paper.

OVERHEARD.

"Stop"

"Please."

"No. If you kiss me I'll never speak to you again."

(A struggle and a murmurous sound).

"Don't you ever dare to do that again."

"I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could. Now behave."

"All right, I will."

(Another of those sounds).

"If you kiss me again, I'll tell my mother."

"No, you won't."

"Yes, I will."

(Another of those sounds).

"Oh! Now you stop."

"Why?"

"Because I want you to."

"Why do you want me to?"

"Because."

(Silence for a few minutes).

"I wish you would keep your arm to yourself."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want it around my waist."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't proper."

"Why isn't it?"

"Suppose some one should see."

"But no one can."

"They might."

"Well?"

"Well."

This sort of conversation may not be an intellectual treat to every one, but seven girls and three men who were eavesdroppers listened to it with rapt attention, and sighed when the love-makers departed.—New York Press.

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To Eighth Nearest 100
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To Tenth Nearest 25
To Next 300 Nearest (\$10 Each) 3,000
To Next 465 Nearest (\$5 Each) 2,325

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But if the exact estimate is submitted prior to Oct. 1 a special award of \$10,000 is offered, making a total of \$35,000.

THE VOTE AT PREVIOUS PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

To better enable the readers of The Commercial Tribune and The Weekly Gazette to have the figures of previous years before them, the following figures are given to show total vote in Ohio for President of the United States for the years from 1888 to the last Presidential election: 1888—341,941. 1892—361,625. 1896—1,020,107. 1900—1,049,121. 1904—?

These conditions constitute the entire contract, and are subject to no modification whatsoever, and every subscriber competing in this contest assents thereby to these conditions.

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